

# The Sketch

No. 901.—Vol. LXX.

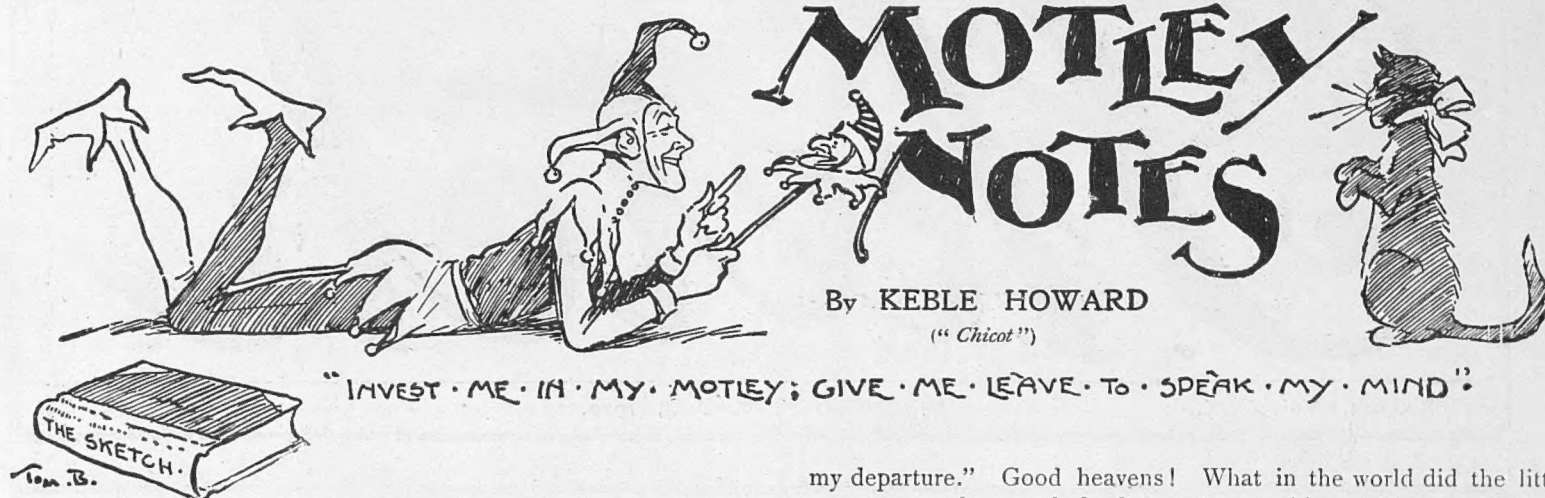
WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



A CROWNED HEAD: Mlle. ANNA PAVLOVA IN A KOKOCHNIK.

Years ago the kokochnik was worn throughout Russia by rich and poor. It is now seen but seldom, and only in a few districts, save as a part of Court dress. The finer examples have hundreds of real pearls sewn upon them. Mlle. Pavlova's dancing continues to draw great houses to the Palace. She wore the dress in which she is here shown for one of the dances she gave at her special matinée last week.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



### What They Think.

When anything occurs of more than ordinary interest, it is the custom to ask eminent people what they think about it. Accordingly, a number of eminent people have been asked what they think about M. Paulhan's flight from London to Manchester. Solemnly have they given their opinions. The Duke of Argyll heads the list. His Grace does not go too far. "I believe," he says, "that aeroplanes will be most useful in the future." So do I. The Lord Mayor of London is rather more daring. "After M. Paulhan's wonderful feat," he writes, "aerial navigation seems likely to be the locomotion of the future." There are two legitimate replies to this prophecy. One of them is "Fancy!" Mr. Runciman, for his part, exclaims passionately, "We are indeed living in a new era!" Lord Brassey is full of information on the subject of aviation. "M. Paulhan," he explains, "has demonstrated the great possibilities of aerial navigation under good conditions of weather; against hard winds travel in the air seems impracticable." Major Baden-Powell has evidently been stirred to the depths of his being. He begins poetically, continues lyrically, but drops into ordinary prose at the finish. "This great race typifies aeroplanes bursting from the confinement of aerodromes to roam over the land as a practical means of locomotion."

### A City Note.

For myself, I feel that my notes are a little late, but that is no reason why I should be left out of it. There are two or three remarks in M. Paulhan's remarkably fluent article descriptive of his adventures and sensations that lend themselves to fair comment. For example, "A flying-man must take his winds when they come." The Lord Mayor of London should have sounded M. Paulhan on that point before he ventured to assure us that aerial navigation seems likely to be the locomotion of the future. Cannot you imagine the feelings of his successor if the Ninth of November happened to be a particularly windy day? Think of the Lord Mayor's Show waiting for a favourable breeze! An aeroplane will certainly figure in the next Lord Mayor's Show, but it will be placed upon a trolley and pulled by a couple of horses. In the meantime, friend the reader, don't be in too great a hurry to sell your railway stock. There will always be a certain amount of work for the railways to do so long as the earth remains the earth and the heavens remain the heavens. Aeroplaning is good fun for a hardy lad such as Paulhan, but there are certain advantages about a Pullman car that will recommend themselves, I fancy, to several of the generations yet unborn. (I should like to add that this is the first time I have found myself disagreeing with a Lord Mayor.)

### What the Public Want.

"You are sportsmen, you English!" This, I think, is the best line in Paulhan's article. It makes one feel good, as the Americans say, and feeling good is more than half-way to being good. We are sportsmen, and we should never allow ourselves to forget it. Not all of us, to be sure, are sportsmen. Even in Fleet Street, the true home of sport, unsportsmanlike things are occasionally done. Soldiers home from the wars will tell you of unsportsmanlike things that they have witnessed on the field of battle. Famous athletes generally have a story of flagrant injustice for the hour of confidence. On the whole, however, we are sportsmen, we English. "Once more as I made ready for the start," says M. Paulhan, "I was struck by the generous attitude of the people. Although they had heard a rumour that Mr. Grahame-White had started, and although their inclination must have been to hope that the Englishman would beat me, they placed not the smallest obstacle in the way of

my departure." Good heavens! What in the world did the little man expect them to do? Set a dog on him? If he understood the English better, he would have known that the man in the street didn't really care twopence which flying-man was the first to reach Manchester. He dearly wanted somebody to win that little bag of gold, though.

### When Paulhan Dines with the English.

Finally, M. Paulhan is too modest in his reference to his lack of English. "I have no English," he writes. This is not strictly correct. I had the pleasure, as I told you at the time, of meeting him at a little dinner in Paris before he left for Los Angeles. It is true that he could not follow the speeches, the majority of which were made in English or American. A friend sitting next him supplied the guest of the evening with a running translation, with the rather quaint result that Paulhan's face lit up with glee about twenty seconds after the joke had been given forth by the actual speaker, and he was bowing his acknowledgment of a large, stout compliment when the orator was in the middle of his next flight of fancy. For all that, Paulhan shook us all by the hand before he went, and said "Thankyou! Goodnight!" in excellent English. When you come to think of it, those were the only words he needed both on arriving at Lichfield and on leaving it. Mr. Grahame-White, by the way, labours under no difficulty of the sort. I understand that he has a perfect command of the language. One can easily understand what a comfort this must be in the sport and science of aviation.

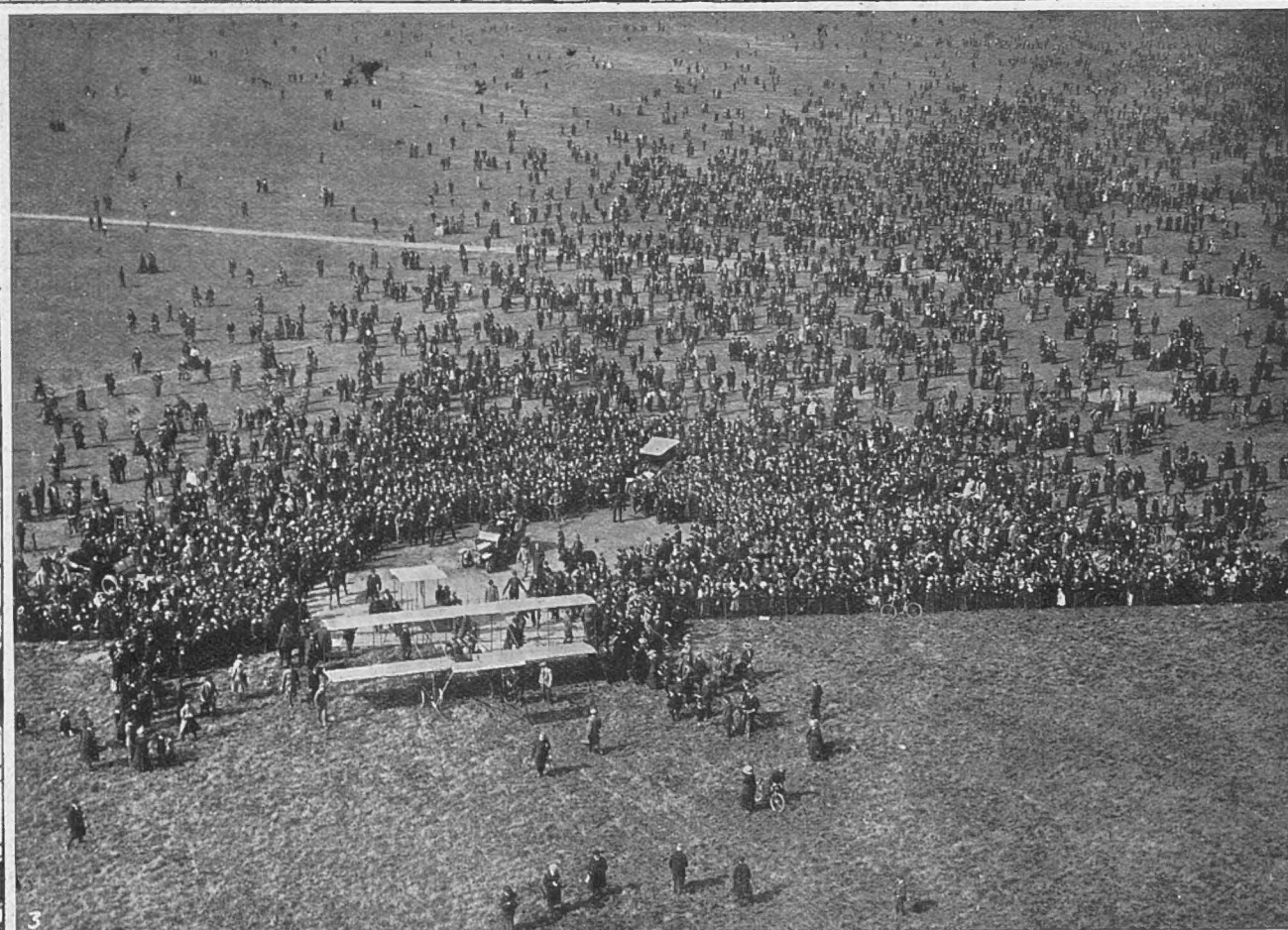
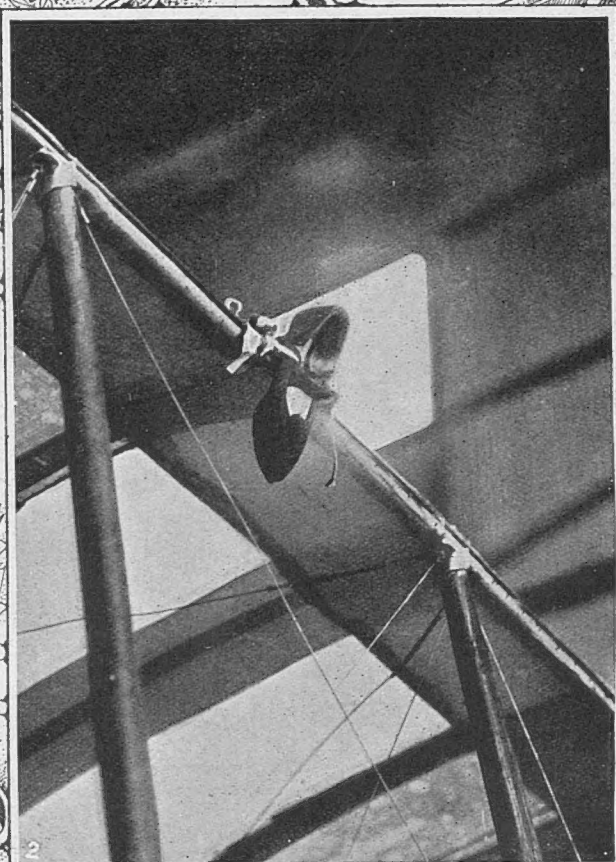
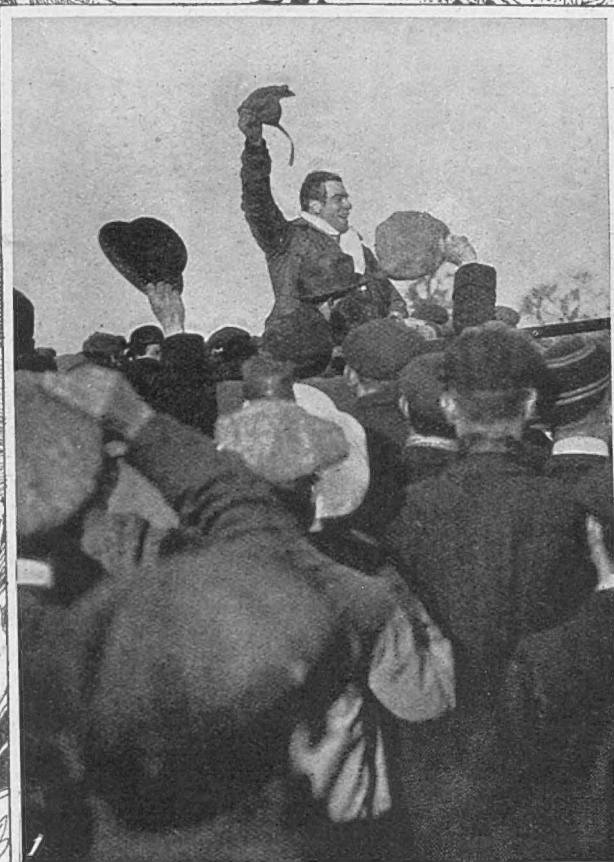
### A Theatrical Secret.

All the playgoing world knows by this time that Mr. Charles Frohman has entered into negotiations with MM. Hertz and Coquelin, of the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris, for the production of "Chantecler" in London. All the playgoing world also knows that Mr. Frohman is convinced that "Chantecler" will act better in England than in France. What the playgoing world, which generally knows everything, does not know is the precise reason for Mr. Frohman's confidence as to the success of his version of "Chantecler" in this country. It is to-day my privilege to disclose the secret. Mr. Frohman quickly recognised that the chief objection to the Paris version was the impossibility of human beings ever being convincing as creatures of the farmyard. In London, therefore, "Chantecler" will be played by *real cocks and hens*. Here indeed is news. Voice-trials are taking place daily at the Globe and Comedy Theatres. Several exceedingly clever birds have already been secured, and it is expected that the cast will be complete about the middle of this month. The production will be in the hands of Mr. Granville Barker, and the food, from one end of the run to the other, will be provided, free of charge, by Mr. Eustace Miles.

### Mr. Trevor's Certainties.

Mr. Leo Trevor, writing in *Country Home*, strikes a note that is certainly in harmony with this gloomy time of year. "Golf," he moans, "comes to everyone who has the love of games in his blood. It is as certain as death." The chief difference between golf and death is that death lasts longer. You can be cured of golf; the cases of recovery from death are extremely rare. 'Tis a pretty fancy of Mr. Trevor's, but I am not sure that he is quite fair to death when he brackets it with golf. A good many hard things have been said, and I have no doubt, justly said, against death. As a fatality, it is infinitely less popular than golf. Let us, however, give death the credit for a certain amount of honesty. So far as I am aware, it has never allowed itself to be put forward as a pastime. And golf has, you know.

# BEATEN BUT NOT DISGRACED: MR. GRAHAME-WHITE'S GREAT ATTEMPT TO FLY FROM LONDON TO MANCHESTER.



1. AFTER HEARING OF HIS RIVAL'S VICTORY: MR. GRAHAME-WHITE LEADING CHEERS FOR M. PAULHAN.

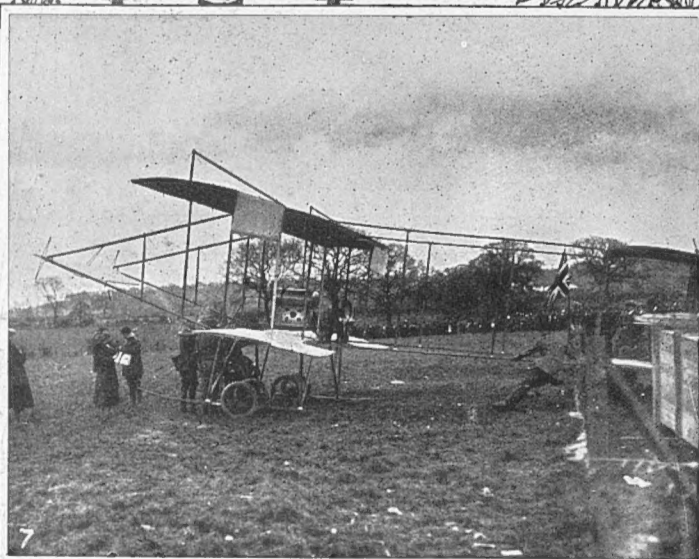
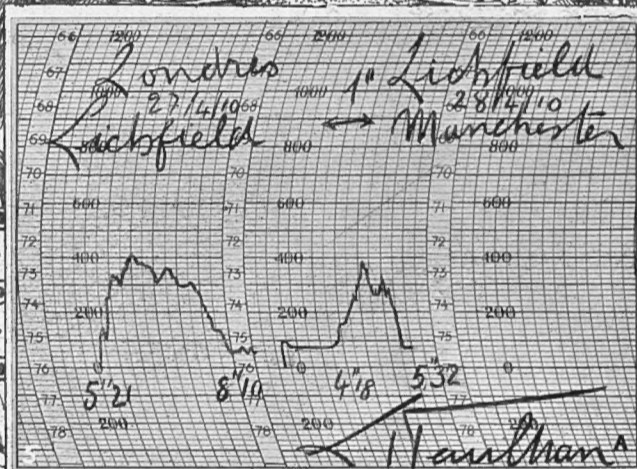
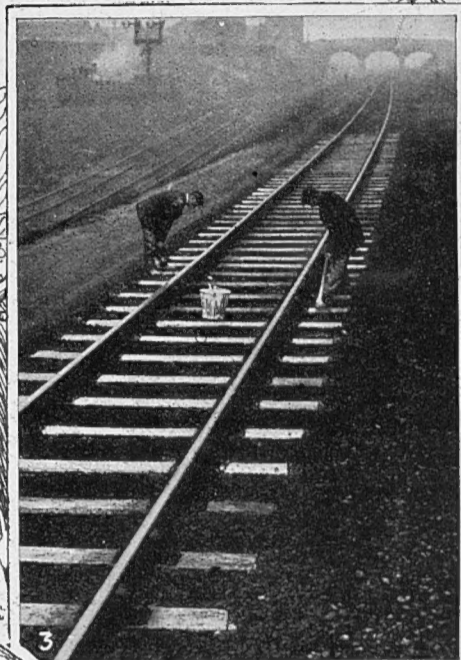
2. THE MASCOT THAT DID NOT "COME OFF": THE "LUCKY" SLIPPER FIXED TO MR. GRAHAME-WHITE'S AEROPLANE.

3. INTEREST IN MR. GRAHAME-WHITE'S "WINGS": BRINGING IN THE ENGLISH AVIATOR'S AEROPLANE AFTER THE TRIAL FLIGHTS THAT PRECEDED THE ATTEMPT TO FLY TO MANCHESTER.

Mr. Grahame-White took his beating like a good sportsman, and was the first to call for cheers for his successful rival. Possibly, later, he will have compensation by winning the "Daily Mail's" second £10,000 for a flight from London to Edinburgh and back, or whatever distance may be chosen. At present he has the consolation of knowing that he put up a most courageous fight, that he has received a splendid "consolation" cup, and that the Royal Aero Club is raising a fund for him, which he intends to devote to the construction of an all-British aeroplane for a flight from London to Paris.—[Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.]

## AN AIRY WAY OF MAKING £10,000:

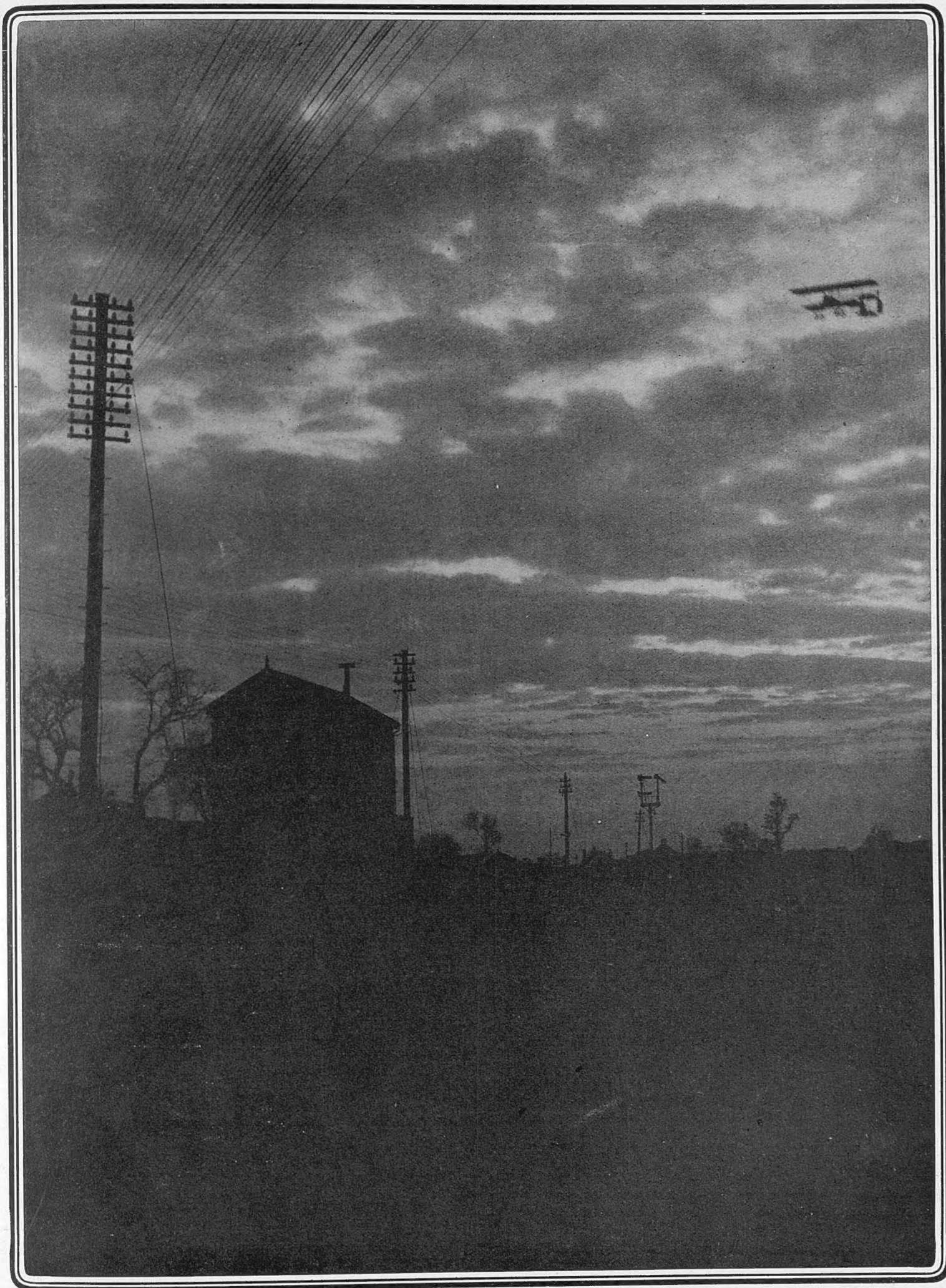
M. LOUIS PAULHAN'S GREAT FLIGHT FROM LONDON TO MANCHESTER.



1. THE RIVALS (AT HENDON, NOT AT THE LYRIC): M. LOUIS PAULHAN AND MR. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE MEET FOR THE FIRST TIME.
2. THE CHART THAT MEANT SO MUCH TO M. PAULHAN: MR. FARMAN WITH THE MAP USED BY THE GREAT AVIATOR FOR HIS FAMOUS FLIGHT.
3. SEEKING TO TEACH THE FLYING MEN THE WAY THEY SHOULD GO: WHITEWASHING THE SLEEPERS OUTSIDE CREWE JUNCTION AS A GUIDE TO THE AVIATORS.
4. AFTER THE £10,000 FLIGHT: M. PAULHAN ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD ON LEAVING DIDSURY FOR MANCHESTER.
5. THE HEIGHT ATTAINED BY THE SUCCESSFUL AVIATOR: M. PAULHAN'S CHART OF ALTITUDE.
6. SAVED FROM THE DEMONSTRATIVE CROWD: M. PAULHAN UNDER POLICE PROTECTION.
7. "AU REVOIR": M. PAULHAN SAYING GOOD-BYE TO MMR. PAULHAN IMMEDIATELY BEFORE STARTING FOR THE GREAT FLIGHT.
8. PASSING THE "TAPE": M. PAULHAN FINISHING HIS GREAT FLIGHT, AND FLYING WELL ABOVE THE RAILWAY LINE.

There is no need for us to describe the manner in which M. Paulhan won the "Daily Mail's" £10,000 prize by flying from London to Manchester. All the world knows of it. Suffice it to say that the aviator received his cheque in a gold casket on Saturday last, and on the same afternoon left for France. It is interesting to note, by the way, that, in the days of his youth, M. Paulhan was a bareback rider and a tight-rope walker in a circus—significant, surely!

## MORE SUCCESSFUL THAN ICARUS: MAN ON CANVAS WINGS.



AT SUNRISE: M. LOUIS PAULHAN STRIKING THE LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY LINE AFTER THE TURNING  
MOVEMENT AT HIS START FROM LICHFIELD ON THE SECOND STAGE OF HIS JOURNEY TO MANCHESTER.

Although M. Paulhan, as he has said, had to encounter many difficulties during his great flight from London to Manchester, he had, at least, not to face the great danger under which Icarus fell to earth, for his wings were of canvas, and not of wax that the sun could melt. Probably, however, Icarus himself, flying over England in April, would have been safe enough; certainly he would have had difficulty in getting near the sun.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

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## TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

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**TO AUTHORS.**—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

**TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.**—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

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Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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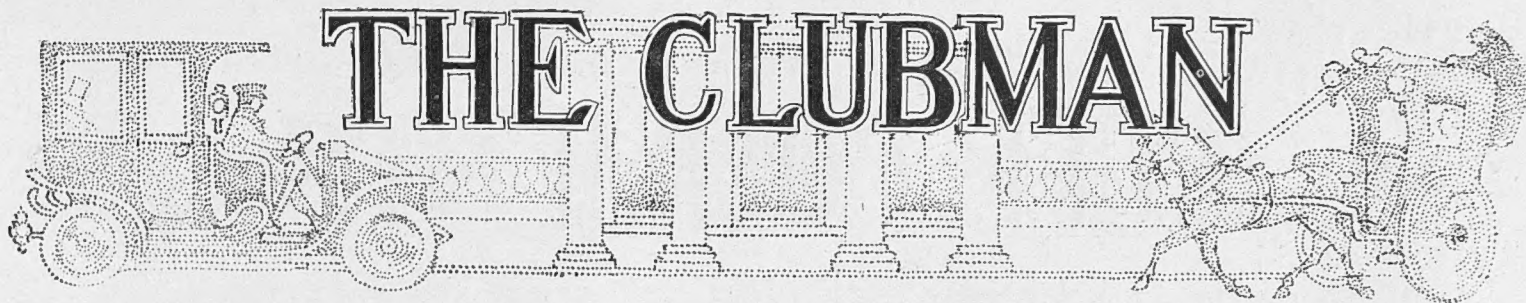
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**A Russian Invasion.** All through May Russian dancers will be the supreme attraction at most of the great variety theatres in London, and we shall all talk of the technique of the art of motion, and compare Pavlova with Preobrajenska, and Kyasht with Karsova, and in doing so our city will become a pale reflection of St. Petersburg. It is curious how large a part the Imperial Ballet plays in the social life of the Russian capital. Just as we during our summer talk at dinner, to a lady whom we have taken down for the first time, about the opera and

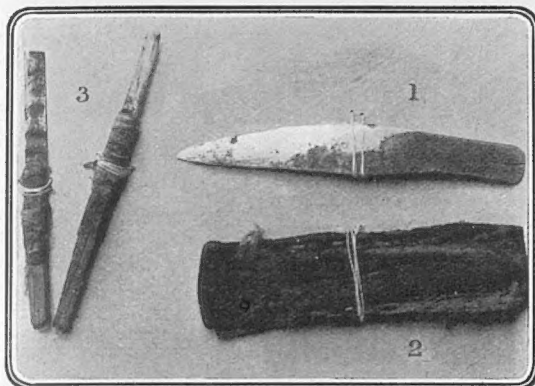
on voyages on dark, stormy nights; and though we sympathise with those daring aviators who drop, frozen, from the clouds, it is comforting to islanders to know that the air, as well as the waters, puts difficulties in the path of invaders.

#### Lord Kitchener.

Lord Kitchener is with us once again, after an absence of eight years, and it is amusing to note that the arrival of Hercules in his native land does not cause the official joy that might be expected. Every Briton is of opinion that every department and every Service requires to be reformed, but that the department or Service with which he is connected requires drastic treatment least of them all. Such a stern reformer as Lord Kitchener is a terrible person to be at large, and there is so much of the spirit of compromise abroad just now that many good and well-meaning men think that the great soldier, who has an uncomfortable way of saying exactly what he thinks, would be more useful at the present moment in Malta or Egypt or India than at Whitehall.

#### An Army of Compromises.

Our army at the present day is an army founded on compromises. Mr. Haldane is the best War Minister of either party whom we have had for many a day, but he has not been able to do all that his soldier advisers would have wished him to do, for the Parliament at Westminster is his master, and Parliament never gives the Army all it requires. At the present moment none of us feel sure that the Territorials are receiving sufficient training to enable them to stand against the picked soldiers of an invader; but the Territorial of to-day comes nearer to the standard of a fully trained man than did the Volunteer of yesterday; and if we cannot obtain perfection, we must be content with an approach towards it. Every soldier groaned at the reduction in the number of batteries of regular artillery, but every soldier knows that if the believers in universal peace had been allowed their way the reduction of batteries would have been even greater. What Lord Kitchener would do and say if he went to the War Office no man knows, or what guarantees he would require if he went there; but of this every man is sure—that he would make quite a large number of people feel extremely uncomfortable in a very short period. In the meantime, before he takes any new work upon his shoulders, Lord Kitchener



MADE BY PRISONERS DESIRING TO SHAVE WHILE IN WANDSWORTH GAOL; PRIMITIVE RAZORS MADE OF MATERIAL PICKED UP WHILE EXERCISING, AND SMUGGLED PAST THE WARDERS.

Shaving is not allowed in the prison, but some prisoners, at least, have made it possible to indulge in the luxury occasionally. While exercising they have managed to hide pieces of tin or steel, which they have sharpened in their cells and turned into primitive razors. In our photograph, 1 and 2 are a razor and case made by a prisoner and found hidden in the ventilator of his cell. No. 3 shows two razors of tin and wood made by a prisoner and found in his bedding.

Photograph by Taylor.

houses a very large space in their columns, for politics until lately were not discussed by Russian journals which did not wish to have periods of suppression; and until the new order of things came into being, all foreign news was carefully winnowed before printing. The dancers have quite overshadowed the singers in Russia.

Our song-writers when indulging in patriotism have generally praised our stormy seas as being a girdle of safety for our islands. They will now have to change their note somewhat and acclaim our stormy skies and gusty winds as giving protection to Great Britain, for it would seem that only on a day of very light airs could a great dirigible cross the Channel or the North Sea to drop bombs on St. Paul's, and that a battalion of flying-men attempting to descend any spring day upon one of our fortresses might arrive as numbed as the early swallows do, and quite incapable of doing any harm after they had landed. It is a comfort to know that the new engines of war can only make their flights under those conditions of weather which would make their detection and repulse comparatively easy. We can hear with equanimity of our own military air-ship being wrecked by a gale if we can be sure that the air-ships of our neighbours cannot start



SURELY NOT THE WORK OF A SUFFRAGETTE? A FIGURE MADE BY A PRISONER IN HER CELL AT HOLLOWAY FROM CLAY COLLECTED IN THE PRISON-YARD DURING EXERCISE AND SMUGGLED INTO THE PRISON.

Photograph by Taylor



BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF HER HUSBAND'S GREAT £10,000 FLIGHT FROM LONDON TO MANCHESTER: MME. PAULHAN ASSISTED OVER A STILE AT HENDON.

Mr. Farman, constructor of the biplane used by M. Louis Paulhan, is shown on the left.

Photograph by the Topical Agency.

has his great scheme of Empire defence to put into shape, and his report to write upon the Colonial armies. Whether he does this at home or in the Mediterranean will be, no doubt, left to his choice; but no ordinary man chooses Malta as a summer residence.

# CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK

## LARGER FEET.

(One of those nerve-shattering statisticians informs us that women's feet are growing larger every day.)

Lydia, this is getting awful—  
Pray restrain your spreading feet;  
As it is, they claim unlawful  
Room when walking down the street.  
On the pavement, alias side-walk,  
They monopolise the space;  
Parallel with you when I'd walk,  
I am trodden out of place.

Lydia, do not think me fussy  
If I humbly say, "Go slow"—  
Think on that unhappy pussy  
Spatchcocked just a week ago,  
On those hens, whose deaths are wrongly  
Credited to motor-cars;  
And why I'm protesting strongly  
Is—I fear a death which jars.



of nothing less startling than a pudding of whipped cream." There is no doubt about it; some women do deserve the vote.

However, men are not impeccable in this respect. The hatters openly boast that from time immemorial they have dictated to their customers, and this year's straw hat has a lower crown and wider brim than last year's, a deep band, and "saw" edges. It would seem that the madness is not all on the side of the hatters.

Mr. Frank Lascelles wants two red bulls for the Pageant of London next month. They must be red, mind, those of you who keep such pets in the back-garden, and will not be taken as read.



Among the items put down for Mr. Roosevelt's visit to Paris was "Performance at the Opera." Indignation and regret were felt that he never gave even one of those chatty little reminiscences beginning, "When I was hunting in Central Africa."

The *Temps*, in a leading article, says—"It may be said, in a word, that, while no longer officially anybody,

Mr. Roosevelt remains himself." But even that will hardly account for it.

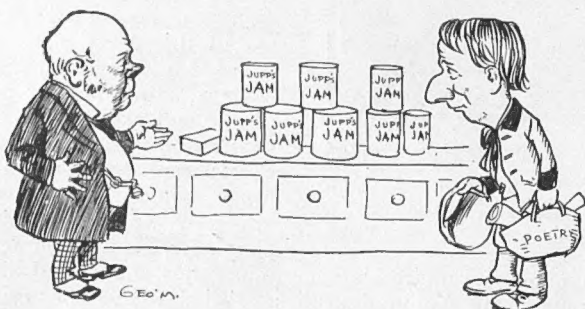
For a moment I thought that I had got it. A morning paper says, "Roosevelt's only fault is that of growing up." That is the sole reason why he has left the Army Service Corps. He now measures over 4 ft. when standing upright, and four men cannot move him when he is obstinate." Some of this seems so characteristic that it is disappointing to find that it only refers to a Teddy Bear.

## POET AND PATRON

(A cynical person has laid it down that poetry does not pay, and that young poets should turn their attention to celebrating advertised articles in deathless verse.)

Dear Sir, I want a berth with you  
As jobbing verse mechanic,  
To stop, as cobblers mend a shoe,  
A gap, a leak, or panic.  
For many years I've twisted rhymes,  
Society, satiric,  
Or otherwise, to suit the times,  
In every sort of lyric.

Should you desire a martial song,  
Or one of ruth and pity,  
A thumping drum, or clanging gong,  
Or tender, amorous ditty;  
Whatever metre you require,  
Whatever style—I take it  
The tap of poetry's on hire—  
Like Nanki-Poo, I'll fake it.



Latest fashion intelligence. "Another new and amazing piece of head-gear resembles a jardinière. It has a brim of lead-grey coarse straw, and a crown

West End hotel by overhearing a conversation on the telephone between two thieves. If fact is to be allowed to plagiarise fiction in this way, how are our deserving novelists to make a living?

There are twenty thousand tons of radium in the sea, and each of those tons is worth fifteen thousand million sovereigns. And all these years we have never known that we were bathing in so much money.

The Comptroller-General of Patents observes in his Report that the prevalence of accidents

due to the unguarded points of ladies' hat-pins is no doubt responsible for the great number of attempts to devise a suitable point-protector. Anyone could invent three point-protectors a minute for a week, but not all the Comptrollers-General in Christendom could make a woman wear one of them.

The *Tailor and Cutter* remarks casually that the dress of the Harrow boys is the most eccentric of any in England. Before proceeding any further it will be as well to wait and hear what the Harrow boys have to say of the *Tailor and Cutter*.

From the Police Courts.—Inspector Neil informed the magistrate that the prisoner was very vicious and desperate. He had made several efforts to escape, and in one attempt he had carried Sergeant Scholes out of the station on his back. He must indeed have been desperate! Sergeants of police are not usually the sort of little things one would care to run about with.

The reason why the American "sports" are not to be allowed to carry revolvers at the Jeffries-Johnson fight is that the civilised world may not be treated to the sight of a brave and defenceless man shot down in cold blood because he won a well-deserved victory. This imitation of played-out English ideas will evoke a national protest.



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## IN THE VERY MAY MORN OF THEIR YOUTH. •



1. ON HER WAY TO SOUTH AFRICA WITH LADY GLADSTONE: MISS DOROTHY DREW.

2. ON HER WAY TO SOUTH AFRICA WITH LADY GLADSTONE: MISS DINAH TENNANT.

3. DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS ARGENTINE MILLIONAIRE:  
MISS JULIA MARTINEZ DE HOZ.

Both Miss Dorothy Drew, the favourite grandchild of the late W. E. Gladstone, and Miss Dinah Tennant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Tennant, of Portland Place, are on their way to South Africa with Lady Gladstone.—Miss Julia Martinez de Hoz is the daughter of the well-known Argentine millionaire, Señor Martinez de Hoz, who has just left England on a short visit to his native country, in order to be present in an official capacity at the Argentine Centenary celebration. Miss de Hoz, who is to be presented next season, is a good whip, and won a prize recently at the Concours Hippique in Paris.—[Photographs by Lillie Charles.]

# CROWNS • CORONETS • COURTIER

THE KING, after catching a cold at Biarritz, and losing it, as some say, at Lourdes, is accepting the rough luck of an English May with splendid hardihood. On the 10th he faces the ample airing, not to mention the grand-stand draughts, of Newmarket. He will stay at the Jockey Club, in his accustomed quarters, and will dine one night at Palace House with Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, and another with Sir Ernest Cassel at Moulton Paddocks. Sir Ernest himself is only just returned from heat and Alexandria, where he has been with his daughter, Mrs. Ashley.

*Pearls and Paint.* It is an Academy of

pearls. Lady Inverclyde, who returned to town just before Private View day, sets the example in Gallery II., and the Hon. Lady Talbot is much become by her strings of pearls in Mr. Gerald Kelly's portrait in another room. Many of those of the Duchess of Buccleuch are larger than a lady's eyes, and, melted in wine, they would satisfy a regiment. The Duchess of Albany's are smaller. In her interesting portrait by Vlaho Bukouac, the purples, not the pearls, are out of hand. The Countess of Mar and Kellie breaks the chain of pearls; the stones she fondles in Mr. Llewellyn's portrait are turquoises.

*The Private View.* Miss Kitty Shannon was soon

discovered at the Private View to be the original of her father's charming Diploma Work, "Black and Silver." Mrs. Lewis Hind, the same day,

OPENING THE CANTERBURY FAIR BAZAAR AT THE RITZ TO - DAY (THE 4TH) : THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*

looked quite as charming as her charming portrait by Miss Upton, and the frock she wore almost made amends for her not appearing in the one she wears on canvas. Lady Bell was voted very like her portrait, but Mrs. Alfred Mond proved how wonderfully more interesting the life may be than its painted likeness. The portrait of Lady Margaret Sackville, with her album before her, and a verse plainly written in each eye, was much admired, and Lady Bullough in brown and Mr. Frank Benson in "shorts" attracted considerable attention. Mr. Benson's "shorts" need no explaining to those who have seen him leap a table in "The Taming of the Shrew," and remember his great three-miles for Oxford University.

*Academy Notes.* "The vanity of man!" exclaimed a fair critic, weary of a long sequence of male portraits on Press Day. But pride goeth before a

fall, and there were few men at the Academy Private View who could face their painted doubles with equanimity. Lord Blyth is hardly flattered in the large room; Lord Carrington, in Gallery IV., looks almost as white as his dress-shirt, and, without loss to Mr.

Frank Biddy, might have borrowed from the abounding reds of that gentleman's portrait. Both these pictures, however, are clever, and in their way very good likenesses. Lord Burnham's lips are tightly closed in the portrait presented to him by his sisters—tightly closed in order, someone said on Friday, that he might not be tempted to look a gift horse in the mouth.

*Capers.* Two State Balls will

be the only Court

entertainments of the season—one in June, the other in July. For each of these some 2300 invitations will be issued. "Why don't they dance? What did they make me come here for? Devil take you all, dance!" was Charles the Second's way of encouraging his guests at a corresponding function. Then some favourite would leap forward and cut his capers. There will be no capers at Buckingham Palace, although the formalities of a State Ball might well provoke impatient royalties.

*The Tie Rampant.* The Duke and Duchess of Argyll, like Prince Arthur of Connaught, have been enduring the laborious joys of the "Ring" at Covent Garden. The Duke, it is observed, did not flourish his evening tie as he does his morning one in Mr. Sydney Hall's

admirable portrait in the Academy. Its ample green folds have escaped the confines of his waistcoat, and are spread, like a Frenchman's table-napkin, upon his breast. Doubtless it will annoy the purist from the offices of the *Tailor and Cutter*, but anything that breaks the hard lines of modern male attire is to be welcomed by the artist.

*Court and Collages.*

The outgoing Lord-in-Waiting, Lord O'Hagan, gives his place to Lord Tweedmouth on the ground that he cannot keep a Ministerial appointment while in disagreement with the Government. Lord O'Hagan has many calls upon his time apart from the calls of the courtier; he is a model landlord, with model cottages on a model estate, his picture-gallery being one of the few personal desires he has recently gratified at Pyrgo Park. Lady O'Hagan is the well-known President of the anything but flighty Ladies' Aerial League.



MISS GOSSELIN, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO CAPTAIN MEDICOTT IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Goselin, daughter of the Hon. Lady Goselin, and of the late Sir Martin Goselin, and sister of Lady Gerard, is engaged to Captain Medicott (3rd Skinner's Horse, the Indian Army), son of Mr. Henry E. Medicott, of Sandfield, Wiltshire.—Mrs. Cyril Ward is the wife of one of Lord Dudley's brothers. Her husband and herself have just sailed for Australia with the Countess of Dudley. Before her marriage, Mrs. Ward was Baroness Irene de Brien, daughter of the late Baron de Brien, of The Hague.—Lady Hugh Grosvenor gave birth to a son on Sunday of last week.—[Photographs by Val L'Estrange, Lallie Charles, Martin Jacolette.]



THE HON. MRS. CYRIL WARD, WHO HAS JUST SAILED FOR AUSTRALIA.



LADY HUGH GROSVENOR, WHO GAVE BIRTH TO A SON THE OTHER DAY.



WIFE OF A BROTHER OF THE MARQUESS OF BUTE, LADY NINIAN CRICHTON-STUART.

Lady Ninian Crichton-Stuart was the Hon. Ismay Lucretia Mary Preston, daughter of the fourteenth Viscount Gormanston. Her wedding took place in 1906.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



IN CHARGE OF THE FLOWER-STALL AT THE CANTERBURY FAIR BAZAAR: LADY HOWARD OF GLOSSOP.

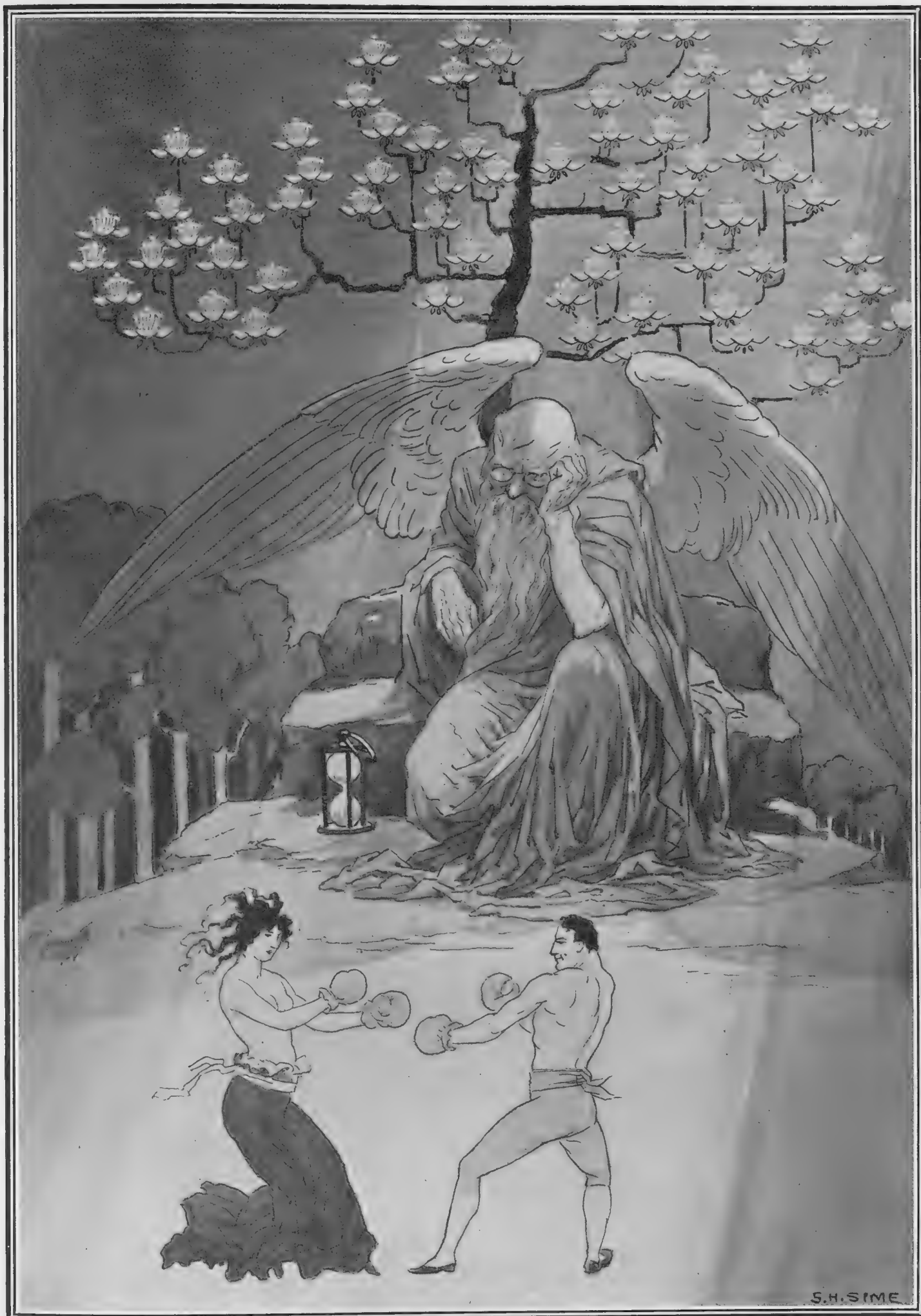
*Photograph by Lafayette.*



STALL-HOLDER AT THE HAT-STALL AT THE CANTERBURY FAIR BAZAAR: BARONESS HILDEGARDE VON HÜGEL.

The bazaar takes the form of a Canterbury Fair in the Middle Ages. It is organised in aid of St. Thomas's Catholic Church at Canterbury.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

## The Auræ of the Drama.—By S. H. Sime.



## VIII.—"THE HOUSE OF TEMPERLEY," AT THE ADELPHI.

"'Fighting,' said Chronos, the dramatist, 'is only in its infancy at the House of Temperley—I am training a pair who will fight to a finish.'  
 'Finish of what?'—'Fighting,' said Chronos. 'Have you never studied my bee-hives?'"

*As each man is said to have his aura of coloured emanations, so it may be argued that each play has its aura, a subtle something that rises from it and, working on the brain, creates impressions. Realising this, we asked Mr. Sime to visit various theatres and to do for us a series of drawings, not of the plays themselves, but of the impressions made by them upon his mind. The last of the series is given here. The publication of another series by Mr. Sime will be begun in "The Sketch" almost immediately.*

# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

**"The Islander."** In some respects, the book of the new musical comedy is agreeably novel. There is a kind of reticence in the humour of its author, Major Marshall. For instance, the first scene passes on the deck of a war-ship, and in the programme is described as being "On British Territory." The second act is said to take place "Somewhere in the Persian Gulf, 51° 32' North Latitude, 0° 5' 12" West Longitude," which, I believe, is about the latitude and longitude of the Apollo Theatre. There are humours of a somewhat similar kind in the piece itself. Unfortunately, one of the humours seems to lie in bewildering the audience about the plot. What was supposed to happen at the end of the first act I could not tell at the time, and did not discover afterwards. We saw decks cleared for action briskly, and fire came from the muzzles of the great guns, and the audience made more noise by applauding than the guns by "speaking"; but I fear that I shall die painfully ignorant of the exact dramatic significance of it all. However, one is accustomed to be puzzled by the plots of musical comedies without feeling much aggrieved. There is a great deal that is bright and entertaining, and there was—perhaps is no longer—a fair, or unfair, amount that lacked point; and the humours of the character allotted to Miss Elaine Inescort did not "pan out"—through no fault of hers: a great pity, for all playgoers admire the talent of the young actress, who, it may be noted, has an agreeable singing voice.

## The Scotch Pasha.

There are materials for a really comic character in the Scotch Pasha, who pretended to own the island, and certainly governed its inhabitants; unfortunately, Mr. Neil Kenyon was so nervous on the first night that until towards the close one could only see that there was going to be an entertaining comic character of some novelty. For his quiet, modest method was of considerable merit, and he sang one song—about the kilt—very funnily. He will have to mitigate his Scots accent; even I, a journalist with twenty years' experience of Fleet Street—where the Scots hive and thrive—cannot take my Scotch quite so strong, and I failed to understand some phrases of his dialogue. The kilt brings me to another matter of costume. Is it quite reasonably dignified to present one of the chief woman characters in a diaphanous dress with "undraped" legs, and have a rather long scene with her sweetheart concerning this display? Surely this was hardly within the bounds of good taste; certainly, too, it was neither novel nor funny. Whilst indulging in "growls" I should like to suggest that the idea of flooding the theatre with strong perfume is not likely to be as pleasing to any people as it is displeasing to others. We get quite enough strong perfume, whether we will or not, from the dear ladies in the stalls, without having it discharged at us by machinery from the wings.

## The Music.

Mr. Faraday's music was an agreeable feature—one cannot call it exactly original, or remarkable for the invention of melody; but there were plenty of pretty, sentimental numbers and lively tunes and concerted pieces, and some rather quaint, novel devices. The intermezzo delighted the house: Miss Elsie Spain sang charmingly; Miss Mabel Burneje gave one song admirably, and impressed the audience so much that, to my surprise, it sat quietly through the rather long repetition of it by the violin, with which it was concluded. Mr. Fred Allandale made a hit by singing "Jack the Handyman" with great spirit; Mr. Sam Walsh represented the Captain with plenty of vigour; and Master Bobbie Andrews, as a precocious Midshipman, amused everybody. The part of Commissioner, given to Mr. Laurence Caird, should develop into something comic—at present it is a rather laboured sketch. Mr. Reginald Lawrence, as a coloured person, sang a song called

"Hubble-Bubble" effectively. The production is of a costly character, the ship set being notably realistic, while the audience was delighted by the prettiness of the Oriental scene.

## Anniversary of "The Arcadians."

The "fantastic" musical play has run for a year, and seen a good many come and go during the period, and it still seems full of life. Of course, new numbers have been added, and they were received with favour. The setting and the fundamental



THE COMEDY THAT IS A SKIT ON THE FRENCH MINISTRY OF FINE ARTS; "LE BOIS SACRÉ," AT THE VARIÉTÉS.

MM. de Caillavet and de Flier's new comedy, "Le Bois Sacré," has been produced in Paris with much success. It tilts at the Ministry of Fine Arts. The chief "hit" was scored by Mlle. Eve Lavallière and M. Max Dearly, in their dance, "A Russian Ballet."

idea of the piece are so good that there seems no reason why from time to time sufficient changes in detail should not be made to turn it into what might almost be regarded as a new work; but it is to be hoped that no alteration will involve the loss of Miss Florence Smithson—perhaps I should not say that, since more worthy use might be made of her delightful voice and excellent singing, which constitute the most charming feature of the entertainment. It is a pity that Mr. Dan Rolyat should do some of his "funniments" when she is singing, and cause unmusical people to laugh. He and Mr. Lester, the melancholy droll, contribute much to the success by their inventive low comedy, nor should the successful efforts of Miss Ada Blanche to add to the gaiety of the house be overlooked. And there is Miss Courtneidge, whose singing and dancing won much applause, and Mr. Harry Welchman sang effectively. Since the first night, when the piece was received enthusiastically by the Press as being somewhat off the over-beaten track, there has been a tendency to work back to the accustomed, which I think regrettable; but, judging by the laughter and applause the other night, the most welcome parts are those which most closely resemble the ordinary humours, and I fancy that the legs of Mr. Dan Rolyat were regarded as more witty than the dialogue of Messrs. Mark Ambient and A. M. Thompson—a somewhat discouraging fact which does not appear to vex the public. I suppose it will be long ere musical comedy is emancipated from the reign of the popular low comedian.

## RECOGNISED HEROINES: WOMEN WINNERS OF THE CARNEGIE MEDAL.



1. THE CARNEGIE MEDAL FOR HEROIC ENDEAVOUR TO SAVE HUMAN LIFE.

2. MISS MAGGIE HUGHES; INSTRUMENTAL IN RESCUING TWO MEN FROM DROWNING IN THE DEE, AT CHESTER.

3. THE CARNEGIE MEDAL; PRESENTED BY THE TRUSTEES OF THE CARNEGIE HERO FUND.

4. MRS. MARY WEIR; INSTRUMENTAL IN SAVING A BOY FROM DROWNING.

5. MISS BERTHA RATTENBURY; RESCUED A GIRL FROM DROWNING IN CHARLOTTE TOWN HARBOUR, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

6. MISS ANNIE CHESNEY; AWARDED THE MEDAL FOR SAVING LIFE FROM DROWNING.

7. MISS FLORENCE NICHOLLS; INSTRUMENTAL IN SAVING TWO MEN FROM DROWNING IN THE DEE, AT CHESTER.

8. MISS MARY NICHOLLS; INSTRUMENTAL IN RESCUING TWO MEN FROM DROWNING IN THE DEE, AT CHESTER.

9. MISS ANNIE SMITH; SAVED A CHILD FROM BEING BURNT TO DEATH, AND AVERTED A PANIC AMONGST OTHER CHILDREN.

10. MISS ETHEL WHARTON; SAVED A CHILD FROM BEING BURNT TO DEATH IN A WELSH HOTEL.

In addition to the information already given, we may add the following points as to the subjects of our photographs. The Misses Maggie Hughes, Florence Nicholls, and Mary Nicholls won their medals at the same time. Walking by the River Dee, at Chester, they saw two men in the water, exhausted and in danger of drowning. They went to their aid at once, and succeeded in bringing them to shore. Mrs. Mary Weir, who lives at Invergordon, plunged into a very heavy sea in an endeavour to save a little boy. She succeeded in keeping the lad afloat until a rescue could be effected. Miss Rattenbury's feat earned her, instead of the usual bronze medal, a silver medal and £400 from the Fund to be used for educational purposes. Miss Chesney, who is eleven, is the youngest person on the "Roll of Heroes." Miss Annie Smith, the infants' teacher at St. Mary's School, Scarborough, saved the life of a child in whose pockets some fireworks exploded, and was badly burned. At the same time, she called the other children to order, and so prevented a panic in the school. Miss Wharton was the first woman to be awarded the medal and to have her name inscribed on the roll; in addition she was given a substantial money grant. She saved the child who was in her charge in a fire at an hotel in Wales, in circumstances calling for considerable heroism.

Photographs by A. M. Nicolson, Moody, Wood, Bayer, and Giles's Agency.

# GROWLS

By BERYL FABER (MRS. COSMO HAMILTON).

**No More Food.** I wish I were my own great-great-great-grandchild. Not the great-great-great-grandchild of anyone else. I am quite satisfied to be my own descendant. I do not wish this because I have any overwhelming desire to meander through meadows in a stream of future years, but simply and solely because it seems quite within the realms of possibility that in those days, those far-off days, those seemingly so blissful days, there will be "no more food." My great-great-great-grandchild will consume sustenance in tabloid form. Consider the many, the enormous advantages under which my great-great-great-grandchild will exist. To start with, if a woman, she will undoubtedly remain a sylph from early youth to old age. It does not seem quite certain that she will ever show any signs of advancing years. Fearofageitis will be an unknown disease in her day. The Sandow corset will be an unnecessary adjunct of her wardrobe. She will never suffer from "the little more"—and how the hand of the weighing-machine goes round. She will never have to deny herself sweets and cakes. She will have no taste for them. In fact, it is more than possible that she will have no taste at all. At present the sense of taste and the sense of smell are so horribly mixed up that if a spring-onion is on the table one cannot taste a strawberry. But my great-great-great-grandchild will suffer no such inconvenience. The scent of the rose will be to her sublime—it will not be accompanied by an absurd desire to eat it.



AN INVALID WHO HAS BEEN ON A MILK AND CARROT DIET FOR A YEAR: BREAKING UP FOOD FOR THE "ZOO'S" RHINOCEROS.

The rhinoceros, having been an invalid for the past year, has been indulging during that time in a liberal diet of milk and carrots. He consumed about 15,000 lb. of carrots during the period in question, and the milk bill rose from £122 to £584. He is now much better.—[Photograph by W.G.P.]

we do seem to be getting a little tired of mutton." "Tired of mutton? Absurd! Why, we haven't had mutton for two days!" "No, M'm; but master he does like a change." "Well, veal, then." "Please, M'm, butcher hasn't got no veal." "Well, pork." "He says he'll have a nice piece of pork next Saturday." "Well, beef." "Please, M'm, he can't recommend his beef to-day." Even

in the days of aeroplanes it is not permissible to throw a book, or even a pillow, at the head of your cook. You have to mention very quietly that there appears to be no other alternative than to order the mutton which at first you had suggested. And she, as quietly, will acquiesce. But the great-great-great-grandchild will suffer none of these troublous chattings. In a charming little silver box, on a charming little tray, appear the little white tabloids of sustenance. With delicate little sugar-tongs the tabloids will be lifted and dropped into the mouth. Though

toothless, it seems tolerably certain that the mouth will still be there.

**Food is All Wrong.** There is nothing right about food. And nothing like being quite positive and quite extreme in one's views! And so I point it out again. Food is all wrong. The early morning tea and bread-and-butter. The hefty breakfast: porridge, bacon, eggs, rolls, and coffee. The midday meal: joint, hot or cold, cheese, sweets. The afternoon tea; and cakes, and bread-and-butter. Dinner! (As I write I become tremulous at the enormity of it all.) Soup, fish, entrée, meat, and

**Toothless.** Doubtless

my great-great-great-grandchild will be toothless from birth. Shades of Grosvenor Street, of Brook Street, of all those large and sad and tragic houses in the surroundings of Bond Street! The footsteps of my great-great-great-grandchildren will never echo on your tessellated-pavemented halls. Nor will the shrieks of them sound in the chambers of horror. Toothless, but not mumbling, will that generation pass through life. For them no teething fits between the age of one and three. For them no plates to keep the crooked tooth in its narrow way. For them no crowns, no bridging; no gas, no ether. And if their looks should be impaired? Fashions alter. And in this blessed period teeth will not be the fashion. That is all. Oh, lucky, lucky great-great-great-grandchildren! For them



MATADORA (OR MATADORESS?); LA REVERTE, THE FAMOUS WOMAN BULL-FIGHTER, TAKING A LAST LOOK IN HER MIRROR BEFORE ENTERING THE RING.

Photograph by the Central News.

no timid knock upon the door: "The butcher, please, M'm." The startled awakening. "What is there in the house?" "There was a little piece of beef, M'm, and I did think of doing it up for luncheon." "We'll have a leg of mutton to-day." "Well, M'm,



SIGNING CONTRACTS TO APPEAR IN VARIOUS BULL-RINGS IN SPAIN: LA REVERTE, THE WOMAN BULL-FIGHTER, SETTLING BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS.

Photograph by the Central News.

any of our lives when food is no more, in imagination I can hear pæans of praise rising from the lips of every weary woman who housekeeps in our land. "Blessed be the inventor of the tabloid food, for he has given us rest."

# Am Tag! Die Deutsche Kommen (Very)!

INCIDENTS OF THE COMING GERMAN INVASION OF ENGLAND; BY HEATH ROBINSON.



## III.—GERMAN OFFICERS ENDEAVOURING TO ENTER AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME IN DISGUISE.

So many authors have described in detail the invasion of England by Germany that Mr. Heath Robinson's patriotism has led him to make a thorough investigation of the subject, with some most remarkable results. He has already made a brace of disclosures; the third is published this week; others will follow.

# STAR TURNS

THE LIFE STORY OF Mlle. ANNA PAVLOVA.

ANNA PAVLOVA, by universal consent the world's greatest living dancer, was only about eight years of age when one day her mother took her to see the ballet at the Opera in St. Petersburg. As she watched the dancers she clapped her hands and said—"Oh, mother, that's what I want to do. I want to be a dancer too. I must dance. I'll never do anything else when I grow up." Before she was ten she had overcome parental objections, and was entered for the Imperial School. After the preliminary year of training, during which she lived at home, she was admitted into the dancing home, where she remained for seven years. She was so small and frail-looking that the authorities used to provide special food, in the endeavour to fatten her. Her constitution, however, baffled these efforts, and though she got stronger, she never got fatter. To-day she is a wonder of strength, her muscles like thin strips of highly tempered steel, and she is absolutely free from an ounce of fat.

At the dancing-school she studied under M. Petitpas, who, at ninety-two, is still active, and a living example of the health-giving value of dancing. Petitpas danced with Taglioni, Fanny Elssler, and the great ones of the past, and he watched with an abiding interest the constantly increasing skill of his pupil, who daily strengthened his belief that she would be able to carry on the glorious tradition of those great artists. At length, in the little theatre above the school, she made her appearance in the examination for the Imperial Ballet. Excited by the occasion, stimulated by the presence of the Tsar and the Imperial Family, who always attended these examinations, she determined to excel everything she had ever

danseuse, and three years later was nominated a ballerina by the Ministre de la Cour, a functionary who corresponds to our own Lord Chamberlain. The rapidity of her promotion was unprecedented. While still a première danseuse, the Tsar commanded her to perform at L'Hermitage, where, before, only the leading ballerinas had been allowed to dance.

Two years ago Mlle. Pavlova made her first European tour. Beginning at Stockholm, she appeared at the Palace before King Gustave, who bestowed on her an Order of Merit, with the insignia in gold; then she went to Copenhagen, where she danced before the King and Queen of Denmark and members of the Imperial Russian Court. In Berlin she created such a furore that the Kaiser, who was absent at the manoeuvres, sent a special messenger to see if her engagement could be prolonged for three days, that he might see her dance. It was found impossible to rearrange the tour, and Mlle. Pavlova went on to Prague and Vienna before returning to Russia. Last year she danced in Paris, where she repeated her previous success. On her return to Russia the director of the Imperial Theatre, fearful of losing her permanently, offered her a contract at an increased salary, although such a thing had never been known before. That contract Mlle. Pavlova signed, although she found in it a clause condemning her to pay a fine of 22,000 roubles (2200 guineas) in the event of her breaking the agreement. That, too, was a condition absolutely without precedent.

While in Paris last year, Mlle. Pavlova was specially engaged by the Earl and Countess of Londesborough to dance before the King and Queen at St. Dunstan's Lodge. After the programme was over, their Majesties commanded the artist to be presented to them. As they were speaking to her, the band began to play "Paraguay." The Queen, turning to a friend, remarked that she believed La Pavlova danced to it, and expressed the wish to see her. Although she was tired, the artist declared her readiness to do so, if the fact that she was in Russian and not in Mexican costume would be forgiven. During the whole time the dance lasted their Majesties stood, too entranced to dream of sitting down.

A few weeks ago Mlle. Pavlova was in New York, accompanied by M. Mordkine, who has been dancing with her for about a year. Had she been able to remain another week in America, she would have been the richer by two thousand pounds for an engagement offered her in Chicago. Her loyalty to Mr. Alfred Butt, and her determination to keep the contract she had made to appear at a given date at the Palace, made her refuse this tempting offer. Before she left America, however, she was engaged for six months in each of the next two years for the Metropolitan Opera House, and her London representative, Mr.

Daniel Mayer, is already negotiating for her to tour the English provinces in the autumn of 1912, with Mr. Mordkine, her fellow-dancer, who has, in his own way, made so great a success.



UNDERSTUDYING IN "ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE": MISS MAGGIE NEILL. Miss Neill, who is now understudying in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," at the Comedy, is a clever young Natal actress who has done some very good work in London. Amongst other engagements, she has understudied Miss Edith Latymer in "Smith," and played Hilda in "The Fatal Dance," at the Comedy. She is a reciter of considerable ability, and represented South Africa at the last Empire Day concert at the Queen's Hall.—[Photograph by Tandyk.]

done before. As she gave one supremely high kick, her shoe—a very tiny shoe—came off and flew over the heads of the orchestra into the auditorium. Had a prophet been present, he would have declared it an incident of happy augury for her future rapid rise.

After her real début as a solo dancer, she appeared in "Giselle," the ballet in which, in the 'thirties of the last century, Taglioni had made her début in Paris. La Pavlova's success was enormous. When the curtain fell, old M. Petitpas put his hand on her head and said, "My child, you are the only woman fit to dance in Taglioni's shoes."

At the very first, it was declared that she was too good to be put into the corps-de-ballet. She was not old enough, however, to be appointed a ballerina, a position like that of the sociétaires of the Théâtre Français, seeing that, after twenty years, it carries a life pension. After a year in the ballet, Mlle. Pavlova was made a première



A WELL-KNOWN PRESTIDIGITATOR WHO APPEARED AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE RECENTLY: MR. LESLIE LAMBERT.

Mr. Leslie Lambert, the well-known conjurer, whose feats have fascinated and mystified so many, had the honour of appearing at Marlborough House the other day. Mr. Lambert is an old Rugby boy. Photograph by Histen.



THE CAPRICIOUS SUZETTE: Mlle. GABY DESLYS, IN ONE OF THE COSTUMES IN WHICH SHE APPEARS AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

"RUBBER BLAZING."



THE FRENZIED SPOOK (*in the Lower Regions*): Let me out! Let me out!

THE DOOR-KEEPER: What's the matter?

THE FRENZIED SPOOK: I want to get back and talk to the man who made me sell rubbers a year ago.

DRAWN BY S. BACHOT DE LA BERE, R.I.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY GUINEAS PRIZE NOVEL.\*

SHE was Aline Marie de Rochambeau, daughter of the Comte de Rochambeau, a dainty aristocrat fresh from a convent; he, Jacques Dangeau, a Republican, and "under a handsome, well-controlled exterior he concealed an unbounded enthusiasm and a passionate devotion to the cause of liberty." They met on the dingy stairs of the coarse and calculating Rosalie Lebœuf, while the ci-devant Marquise de Montargis, her guardian, and the ci-devant Vicomte de Sélincourt, her betrothed, awaiting their turn to bow before "La Veuve," came under the ruddy, dripping thumb of King Mob and fell before the thrust of pikes. They saw each other again and again as strangers; and now she was Marie Roche, a poor seamstress compelled "to stand in line with other women, before she could receive the meagre dole of bread which was all that the Republic One and Indivisible would guarantee its starving citizens." He was curious, and questioned Rosalie. The truth was told. "Suddenly a plan came into his head, and before he had time to consider its possible drawbacks he found himself saying—'Tell me, then, Citoyenne, does this Marie Roche write a good hand?' . . . 'The girl is an aristocrat—nourished on blind superstition, cradled in tyranny,' said his brain. 'She is only a child, and starved,' said his heart." So she became his secretary; and he her lover. Yet he held himself in leash. Where was his self-control, his patriotism, his ardent determination to live for one only Mistress, the Republic of his ardent dreams? A shocked consciousness that this aristocrat, this child of the enemy was more to him than the most ardent of them assaulted his mind, but he repulsed it indignantly. And she? "All her pride rose armed. She, a Rochambeau, daughter of as haughty a house as any France nourished, to lie here dreaming because a bourgeois had kissed her hand!—this was a scourge to bring blood." On a day, he asked her to marry him. "Suddenly her fear of him had changed into fear of her own self. Did a Rochambeau mate thus? She saw the red steel, wet with the King's life, the steel weighted by the word of this man and his fellows. She saw the blood gush out and flow between them in a river of separation. To pass it she must stain her feet—must stain her soul, with an uncleanable rust. It could not be—Noblesse oblige."

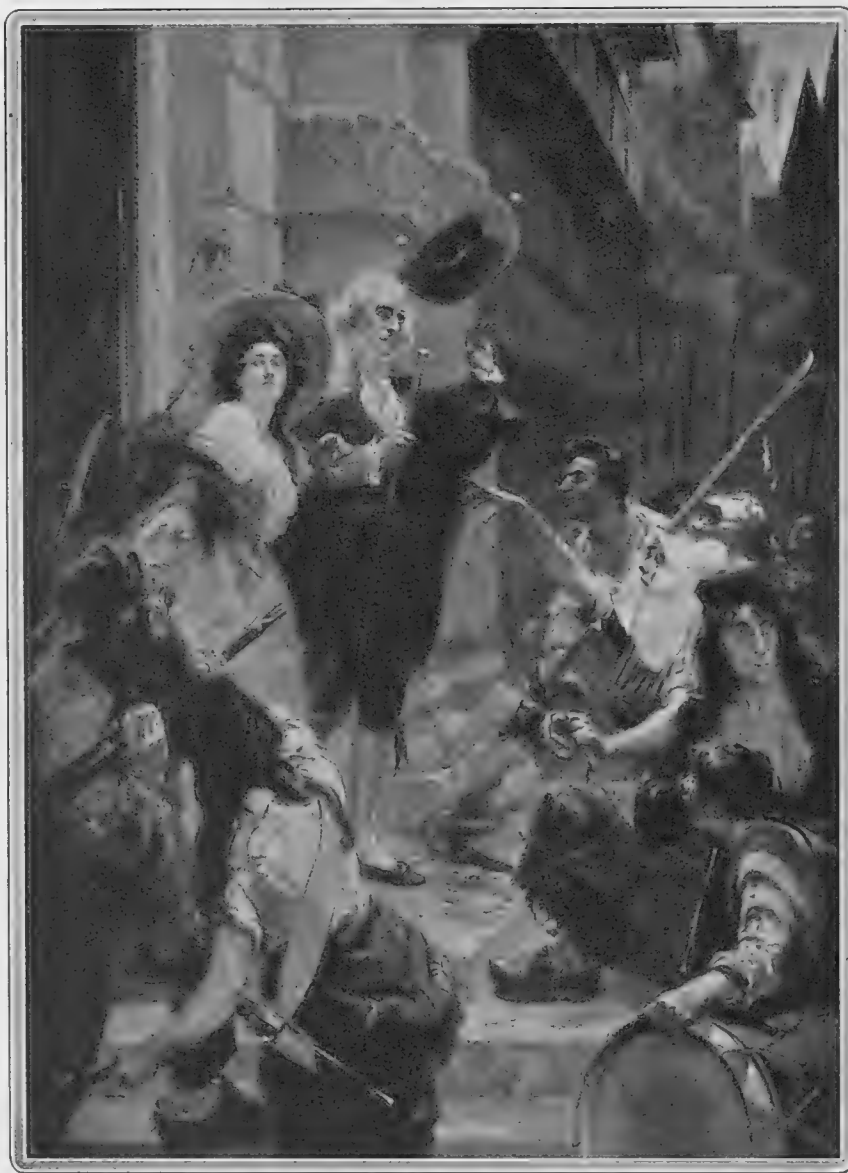
Still, they wedded.—Hébert offered her prison or himself. She chose the gaol. She was brought before Fouquier Tinville. The crowd cried out for her: "Give her to us. Throw her down!" "Dangeau swung himself on to the platform and came forward . . . 'I vouch for her, I tell you—I, Jacques Dangeau. . . . She is my betrothed, and I answer for her.' . . . A pretty gipsy of a girl laughed loudly. 'Handsome Dangeau for me!' she cried. 'Vive Dangeau! . . . Let's have a wedding, a wedding, mes amis! . . . Herman bent stolidly

and wrote against the interrogatory the one word 'Acquitted.' . . . Someone was being pushed through the crowd—a dark man in civil dress, but with the priest's look on his sallow, nervous face. . . . A ring had been formed. . . . In the centre, Dangeau with his tricolour sash; Mademoiselle, upon whose head someone had thrust the scarlet cap of Liberty; and the priest. . . . 'Ego conjungo vos,' rang the tremendous words, and they rose from their knees before that strange assembly, man and wife in the sight of God and the Republic." Then the home-coming: "Her mind held dazed to one idea. She had betrayed the honour of her race, to save her

own. That red river of which she had spoken long months before, it lay between them still, only now she had stained her very soul with it. . . . Dangeau looked at her with a sort of strained pity. . . . 'Mlle. de Rochambeau has married out of her order, but since her plebeian husband quite understands his position, quite understands that a touch from him 'would be worse than death. . . there is not much harm done.' So he went South, to quell revolt; and she went to his aunt's at Rancy-les-Bois.

When he came back it was to hear the doors of the prison of La Force clang behind him, for Robespierre had stretched out his long arm: she was in the Abbaye, a condemned aristocrat. Later—"Take him out!" said Tinville, stamping his foot; and Dangeau went down the steps and into the long adjoining room, where the prisoners waited for the tumbrils. . . . There was a harsh clipping sound now and again, for the prisoners' hair was a perquisite of the concierge's wife, and it was cut off here, before they went to the scaffold. . . . She took to-day's spoils, tress by tress, from her apron, knotting the hair roughly together, and dropping it into the open basket. . . . The auburn hair was hidden now by a bunch of gay black curls. A long, straight, flaxen mass fell next, and then a thick waving tress, gold in the light and brown in the shade, catching the

sun that crossed it for a moment, as Aline's hair had always done. He shuddered through all his frame, and turned away. Thank God! thank God she was safe at Rancy! And with that a sudden movement parted the crowd at the other side of the room, and he looked across and saw her. . . . Aline, his wife, cast for death as he was cast." Together, in the last tumbril, they rode to the place of execution. She mounted the steps before him. . . . "She was aware only of Sanson's hot hand at her throat, and all those eyes astare to see her death. . . . He did not hear the crowd stir a little . . . a woman went down screaming under the horses' feet. . . . In a moment . . . the scaffold stood like an island in a sea grown suddenly wild with tempest. . . . Sanson, his hand on the machinery, was whirled aside." The will of the people had changed. And the end? "At last the dam was down, and they stood together in love's full flowing tide . . . she fell upon his breast in a passion of weeping."



ARISTOCRATS, 1790.—FRED ROE.

HUNG AT THIS YEAR'S ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

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\* "A Marriage Under the Terror." By Patricia Wentworth. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

NOBEL MAN !



THE BETTER HALF: What kind of powder would be best for baby, I wonder?

THE REST: Gunpowder.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE LAST HUNTING.

By RICHARD DEHAN.

IT happened at our homestead on the border of South-Eastern Rhodesia, seventy miles from Tuli Concession, some two years after the war.

A September storm raged over the country; the acacias and kameelthorns and the huge cactus-like euphorbia that fringed the watercourses and the irrigation channels had wrung their hands all day without ceasing, like Makalaka women at a native funeral. Night closed in: the wooden outer shutters were barred; the small-paned casements bolted, yet they shook and rattled as though human beings without were trying to force a way in. Whitewash fell in scales from the big tie-beams and cross-rafters of the farm-kitchen, and lay in little powdery drifts of whiteness on the solid table of brown locust-tree wood, and my father's Dutch Bible that lay open there. Upon my father's great black head; that was bent over the Book, were many streaks and patches of white that might not be shaken or brushed away.

It had fallen at the beginning of the war, that snow of sorrow streaking the heavy curling locks of coarse black hair. My pretty young mother—an Irishwoman of the North—had been killed in the Women's Laager at Mafeking during the siege. My father served as a Staats gunner during the investment—and now you know the dreadful doubt that heaped upon those mighty shoulders a bending load, and sprinkled the black hair with white.

You are to see me in my blue drill roundabout and short homespun breeches, sitting on a cricket in the shadow of the table-ledge, over against the grim *zwart* figure in the big thong-seated armchair.

There would be no going to bed for men-folk that night.

I had begged to stay up rather than lie alone in my father's room. Nodding with sleepiness, I should have denied, in the pride of my thirteen years, I carved with my two-bladed American knife at a little canoe I meant to swim in the shallower river-pools. And as I shaped the prow I dreamed of something I had heard.

A traveller of the better middle class, overseer of a coal-mine working "up Buluwayo way," who had stayed with us the previous night, and gone on to Tuli that morning, had told the story. What he had failed to tell I had haltingly spelled out of the three-weeks-old English newspaper he had left behind.

So I wrought, and remembered, and my little canoe swelled and grew in my hands. Then I was in the frail, crank craft, wielding the single paddle, working my way through sluggish pools of black water overgrown with broad, shiny leaves of water-plants, cradling giant flowers of marvellous hues. I heard what seemed to be the plop! of a jumping fish on the other side of a twenty-foot high barrier of reeds and grasses. . . . I looked up, and saw, glaring down upon me from inconceivable heights of sheer horror, the Thing of which I had heard and read.

At this juncture I dropped the little canoe and clutched my father round the leg.

"What is it, *mijn jongen*?"

He, too, seemed to rouse out of a waking dream.

"You were thinking of the great beast of the Kafue Valley, and you want to ask me if I will lend you my father's elephant-rifle when you are big enough to carry it, that you may go and hunt for the beast and kill it, is that so?"

My father grasped his great black beard in one huge knotted brown hand and made a rope of it, as was his way. He looked from my chubby face to the old-fashioned, black-powder 8-bore that hung upon the wall against a leopard kaross, and back again, and something like a smile curved the grim mouth under the shaggy black-and-white moustache.

"The gun you shall have, boy, when you are of age to use it, or a .450 Mannlicher or a .600 Mauser—the best that may be bought north of the Transvaal, to shoot explosive or conical bullets from cordite cartridges. But not unless you give me your promise never to kill that beast shall money of mine go to the buying of such a gun for you. Come now, let me have your word."

Even to my thirteen-year-old vanity, the notion of my solemnly entering into a compact, binding my hand against the slaying of the semi-fabulous beast-marvel of the Upper Rhodesian swamps, smacked of the fantastic, if not of the absurd. But my father's

eyes had no twinkle in them, and I faltered out the promise they commanded.

"*Nooit, nooit*, will I kill that beast! It should kill me, rather."

"Your mother's son will not be *valsch* to a vow. For so would you, son of my body, make of me, your father, a traitor to an oath that I have sworn!"

The great voice boomed in the rafters of the farm-kitchen, vying with the baffled roaring of the wind that was trying to get in, as I had told myself, and lie down panting still upon the big white sheepskin that was spread before the hearth.

"But—but why did you swear?"

Said my father, grimly—

"Had I questioned my father so at twice your age, he would have skinned my back, and I should have deserved it. But I cannot beat your mother's son, though the Lord punish me for my weakness. . . . And you have the spirit of the *jaeger* in you, even as I. What I saw, you may one day see. What I might have killed, that shall you spare, because of me and my oath. Why did I take it upon me, do you ask? Even though I told you, how should a child understand? What is it you are saying? Did I really, really see the beast? Ay, by the Lord!" said my father thoughtfully, "I saw him. And never can a man who has seen, forget that sight. What are you saying?"

The words tumbled over one another as I stammered in my hurry—

"But—but the English traveller said only one white man besides the Barotse hunters has seen the beast, and the newspaper says so too."

"*Natuurlijk*. And the white man is me," thundered the deep voice.

I hesitated.

"But since the planting of the tobacco you have not left the *plaats*. And the newspaper is of only three weeks back."

"*Dat spreekt*, but the story is older than that, *mijn jongen*. It is the third time it has been dished up in the Buluwayo *Courant*, sauced up with lies to change the taste, as belly-lovers have their meat. But I am the man who saw the beast of Kafue, and the story that is told is my story, nevertheless."

I felt my cheeks beginning to burn. Wonderful as were the things I knew to be true of the man my father, this promised to be the most wonderful of all.

"It was when I was hunting in the Zambezi country," said my father: "three months after the Commandaants of the Forces of the United Republics met at Klerksdorp to arrange conditions of peace. You had been sent to your—to *her* people in Ireland. I had not then thought of rebuilding the farm. For more than a house of stones had been thrown down for me, and more than so many thousand acres of land laid waste. . . ."

"Where did I go? *Ik weet niet*. I wandered *op en neer* like the evil spirit in the Scriptures." The great, corded hand shut the Book, and reached over and snuffed the tallow dip that hung over at the top, smoking and smelling, and pitched the black wick-end angrily on the red hearth-embers. "I sought rest and found none, either for the sole of my foot or the soul in my body. There is bitterness in my mouth, as though I have eaten the spotted lily-root of the swamps. I cannot taste the food I swallow, and when I lie down at night something lies down with me; and when I rise up it rises too, and goes by my side all day. . . ."

I clung to the leg of the table, not daring to clutch my father's. He went on, I scarcely daring to breathe—

"For, after all, do I know it is not I who killed her? That accursed day was I not on duty, as ever since the beginning of the siege; and is it not a splinter from a Maxim-Nordenfeld shell, fired from an eastern gun-position, that—" Great drops stood on my father's forehead. His huge frame shook. But he went on.

"At first, I seem to remember, there was a man hunting with me. He had many Kaffir servants and four Mashona hunters, and wagons drawn by salted, tailless spans; fine guns and costly tents, plenty of stores, and medicines in little sugar-pills in bottles with silver-tops. But he sickened in spite of all his quinine, and the salted oxen died, just like beasts with tails; and, besides, he was

[Continued overleaf.]

ARTLESS.



THE HAWKER: Nothin' doin' in bootlaces! 'Ow's art?  
THE ARTIST: 'Orful, since the bloomin' Academy opened!



THE ENGLISH TOURIST: Excuse me, my friend and I cannot agree as to the name of that range of hills. Can you tell—  
THE SCOT (severely): Mon, the Sawbath is na the day for speiring hills whatever!

afraid of the Barotse and the Imamba with their slender, poisoned spears of reeds. He turned back at last. I pushed on."

There was so long a silence after this that I ventured to move. Then my father looked at me, and spoke to me, not as though I were a boy, but as if I had been another man.

"I pushed on, crossing the rivers on a goatskin and some calabashes, keeping my father's elephant-gun and my cartridges dry by holding them above my head. I hunted, and killed rhino and elephant and hippo and lion. And one day I shot a cow hippo with her calf, and she stood to suckle the ugly little thing while her life was bleeding out of her, and after that I ceased to kill. I needed little, and there were yet thorny, green-fleshed cucumbers, and ground-nuts, and things like those."

He made a rope of his great beard in his habitual way, twisting it with a rasping sound.

"Thus I reached the Upper Kafue Valley, where the great grass swamps are. No railway then, running like an iron snake up from Buluwayo to bring the ore down from the silver-mines that are there. . . .

"Six days' trek from the mines—I went on foot always, you will understand—six days' journey from the mines, above where L'uenge River is wedded to Kafue, as the Imamba say, is a big water.

"It is a lake—or rather, two lakes—not round, but shaped like the bowls of two wooden spoons. A shore of black stone like baked mud round them, and a bridge of the same stone is between them, so that they make the figure that is for eight."

The big, hairy forefinger of my father's right hand traced the numeral in the powdered whitewash that lay in drifts upon the table.

"That is the shape of the lakes, and the Imamba say that they have no bottom, and that fish taken from their waters remain raw and alive, even on the red-hot embers of their cooking-fires. Those Imamba are a lazy, dirty people who live on snakes and frogs and grubs—tortoise and fish. And they gave me to eat and told me, partly in words of my own *moder Taal*, that they had picked up somehow, and partly in sign-language, about the Great Beast that lives in the double lake that is haunted by the spirits of their dead."

I waited, my heart thumping at the bottom of my throat, my blood running horribly, delightfully chill, to hear the rest.

"The hunting spirit revives in a man, even at death's door, to hear of an animal the like of which no living hunter has ever brought down. The Imamba told me of this one, tales, tales, tales! They drew it for me with a pointed stick on a broad green leaf, or in the ashes of their cooking-fires. And I have seen many a great beast, but, *voor den donder!* never a beast such as that."

I held on to my stool with both hands.

"I asked the Imamba to guide me to the lair of the beast for all the money I have upon me. They care not for gold, but for the old silver hunting-watch I carry they will risk offending the spirits of their dead. The old man who has drawn the creature for me, he will take me. And it is October, the time of year in which he has been before known to rise and bellow—*Maar!*—bellow like twenty buffalo-bulls in spring-time, for his mate to rise from those bottomless deeps below and drink with him the air and sun."

So there were two great beasts! Neither the traveller nor the newspaper, nor my father until this moment had hinted at that!

"The she-beast is much the smaller and has no horns. This my old man makes clear to me, drawing her with the point of his fish-spear on smooth mud. She is very sick the last time my old man has seen her. Her great moon-eyes are dim, and the stinking spume dribbles from her jaws. She can only float in the trough of the wave that her mate makes with his wallowings, her long, scaly neck lying like a great dead snake on the oily black water. My old man thinks she was then near death. I ask him how long ago that is? Twenty times have the blue lake-lilies blossomed, the lilies with the sweet seeds that the Imamba make bread of—since. And the great bull has twice been heard bellowing, but never has he been seen of man since then."

My father folded his great arms upon the black-and-white cascade of beard that swept down over his shirt of homespun, and went on—

"Twenty years. Perhaps, think I, my old man has lied to me! But we are at the end of the last day's journey. The sun has set and night has come. My old man makes me signs we are near the lakes, and I climb a high *mahogo*, holding by the many limbs of the wild-fig that is hugging the tree to death."

My father spat into the heart of the glowing heap of wood-ashes, and said—

"I see the twin-lakes lying in the midst of the high grass-swamps, barely a mile away. The black shining waters cradle the new moon of November in their bosom, and the blue star that hangs beneath her horn, and there is no ripple on the surface, or sign of a beast, big or little. And I despise myself—I, the son of honest Booren, who have been duped by the lies of a black ape! I am coming down the tree, when through the night comes a long, hollow, booming, bellowing roar, that is not the cry of any beast I know. Thrice it comes, and my old man of the Imamba, squatting among the roots of the *mahogo*, nods his wrinkled bald skull, and says, squinting up at me: 'Now you have heard, Baas, will you go back or go on?'

"I answer, '*Al recht uit!*'

For something of the hunting spirit has wakened in me. And I see to the cleaning of the elephant-gun, and load it carefully before I sleep that night."

I would have liked to ask a question, but the words stuck in my throat.

"By dawn of day we have reached the lakes," went on my father. "The high grass and the tall reeds march out into the black water as far as they may, then the black stone beach shelves off into depths unknown."

"All the next night we, camping on the belt of stony shore that divides lake from lake, heard nothing. We ate the parched grain and baked grubs that my old man carried in a little bag. We lighted no fire, because of the spirits of the dead Imamba that would come crowding about it to warm themselves, and poison us with their breath. My old man said so, and I humoured him. My dead needed no fire to bring her to me. She was always there—always. . . .

"All the day and the night through we heard and saw nothing. But at windstill dawn of the next day I saw a great curving ripple cross the upper lake that may be a mile and a half wide, and the reeds upon the nearer shore were wetted to the knees as by the wave that is left in the wake of a steamer, and oily patches of scum, each as big as a barn-floor, befouled the calm water, and there was a cold, strange smell upon the breeze, but nothing more."

"Until at sunset of the next day, when I stood upon the midmost belt of shore between lake and lake, with my back to the blood-red wonder of the west, and my eyes sheltered by my hand as I looked out to where I had seen the waters divided as a man furrows earth with the ploughshare, and felt a shadow fall over me from behind, and turned . . . and saw . . . *Alamachtig!*"

I could not breathe. At last, at last, it was coming!

"I am no coward," said my father, in his deep, resounding bass, "but that was a sight of terror. My old man of the Imamba had bolted like a rock-rabbit. I could hear the dry reeds crashing as he broke through. And the horned head of the beast, that was as big as a wagon-trunk shaking about on the top of a kameel-neck that topped the tallest of the teak-trees or *mahogos* that grow in the grass-swamps, seemed as if it were looking for the little human creature that was trying to run away."

"*Voor den donder!* how the water rises up in columns of smoke-spray as the great beast lashes it with his crocodile-tail. His head is crocodile also, with horns of rhino; his body has the bulk of six hippo-bulls together. He is covered with armour of scales, yellow-white as the scales of leprosy, he has paddles like a tortoise. God of my fathers, what a beast to see! I forget the gun I hold against my hip. I can only stand and look, while the cold, thick puffs of stinking musk are brought to my nostrils, and my ear-drums are well-nigh split with the bellowing of the beast. Ay! and the wave of his wallowings that wets one to the neck is foul with clammy ooze and oily scum."

"Why did the thing not see me? I did not try to hide from those scaly-lidded great eyes, yellow with half-moon shaped pupils, I stood like an idol of stone. Perhaps that saved me, or I was too little a thing to vent a wrath so great upon. He Who in the beginning made herds of beasts like that to move upon the face of the waters, and let this one live to show the pigmy world what creatures were of old, knows. I do not! I was dazed with the noise of its roarings, and the thundering blows of its huge tail upon the water; I was drenched with the spume of its snortings and sickened with the stench it gave forth. But I never took my eyes from it, as it spent its fury, and little by little I came to understand. . . .

"*Het is jammer* to see anything suffer as that beast was suffering, another man in my place would have thought; and when it lay still at last on the frothing black water, a bullet from the elephant-rifle would have lodged in the little stupid brain behind the great moon-eye, and there would have been an end. . . .

"*I did not shoot!*"

It seemed an age before my father spoke again, though the cuckoo-clock had only ticked eight times.

"No! I would not shoot and spare the beast, dinosaur or brontosaurus, or whatever the wiseacres who have not yet seen him may name him, the anguish that none had spared me. *Let him go on*, said I, *seeking her in the abysses that no lead-line may ever fathom, without consolation, without hope. Let him rise to the sun and the breeze of spring through miles of the cold black water, and find her not, year after year, until the ending of the world. Let him call her through the mateless nights until Day and Night rush together at the sound of the Trumpet of the Judgment, and Time shall be no more!*"

Crash!

The great hand came down upon the solid locust-wood table, breaking the spell that had bound my tongue.

"I—do not understand," I heard my own boy's voice saying. "Why was the Great Beast sorry? What was he looking for?"

"His mate who died. Ay, at the lower end of the second lake, where the water shallows, her bones are sticking up like the bleached timbers of a wrecked ship. And He and She being the last of their kind upon the earth, therefore he knows desolation . . . and shall know it till death brings forgetfulness and rest! Boy, the wind is fallen, the rain has spent itself; it is time that you go to bed."

THE END.

# THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

NATURE is exceedingly backward. Less than a fortnight ago I saw a covey of partridges, seven strong; in the twenty years I have followed sport and nature-study I have never seen a covey after I have heard the cuckoo. This year the cuckoo preceded the covey by nearly twenty-four hours. I am inclined to think that the reunion of what was presumably a partridge family some three months or more after its first break-up is due to the backward state of the land, and presages late laying and late hatching out.

Doubtless, if this proves to be the case, those who like good sport will postpone the date of their first attack upon the little brown bird. In a backward year, the young birds that rise in front of the guns early in September are no better than "cheepers"; they are of no value either for sport or for the table, and are still in need of parental care, so that it is quite a mistake to shoot down the parent birds. The young may be well able to feed themselves without knowing the best and safest feeding and dusting grounds, or how to guard themselves against their natural enemies. I have seen through a field-glass a fox stalk a covey of partridges in fashion that would not disgrace a sportsman in East Africa on the trail of giraffe or buffalo. Reynard had nothing save exercise for his trouble, but that was merely because the parent birds were too clever for him. Had the covey

been orphaned, it might have suffered heavily, though, as a rule, orphans attach themselves to some other covey, unless one of them would send them broadcast to landowners, there are few who would not hand them over to their keeper, or head-keeper, with definite instructions that none of the birds on the schedule are to be touched. It may be objected that the average under-keeper is a zealous duffer, who really knows very little about birds; but it should not be very difficult to instruct him. Most people will agree that, if owls and hawks were not persecuted as they are, the plague of rats and field-voles from which the country suffers would be checked in no small degree.



THE POSTMAN WHO HAS A PICTURE ON THE LINE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: MR. SAMUEL H. HANCOCK.

For the first time, a postman has a picture on the line at Burlington House. The canvas in question, which is by Mr. Samuel H. Hancock, shows the Isle of Wight shrouded in an early morning mist, and, beyond, the sunlight upon the water behind the Needles. It is 16 inches by 10. In his working hours, which are from 5 a.m. to 2 p.m., Mr. Hancock delivers letters in the E.C. district.

Photograph by Barratt.

Several cases have come to my notice in the past week or so in which the Wild Birds Protection Act has been violated. In three cases the offenders were gamekeepers. They have not been prosecuted; for aught I know to the contrary, they may not have been reprimanded by their employers—in one case the employer is three thousand miles away. There is every reason to believe that the Act is a dead letter to the average under-keeper, and even the head man is not often well informed. To make matters worse, there is no supervision. Not long ago, an under-keeper on a big estate near me asked a man I know if he had ever seen such a strange bird, and drew from his bag a horned owl (*Asio otus*), a bird that should be most carefully preserved in this country, where it is in great danger of extinction. It may take toll of a few young birds, but in these days, when the bulk of our pheasants are hand-reared, and have a hen-coop to take refuge in when danger threatens, there is little fear that the horned owl, whose hunting starts when little pheasants are under their foster-mother, will do them any



THE WORLD AS A BED-ROOM: SLEEPING ON THE ROOF OF THE HOTEL ALGONQUIN, NEW YORK.

harm. By the time the young pheasants are transferred to the coverts the owl will not trouble them. I have lost rare birds of my own from time to time, generally owing to the carelessness of those trusted to look after them, and in nearly every case they have escaped to the woods near or far from me, and have been shot on sight by keepers. I know one keeper on a small estate near the sea-coast who, being a taxidermist in a modest way, has stuffed all the rare birds that have come his way. The collection includes two bustards, several peregrine falcons, some grebes, a flamingo, a stork, several eider-ducks, and other birds so seldom associated with our coast that I am forced to believe he must owe a part of his collection, which has taken thirty years in the making, to birds that have escaped from the aviary of collectors many miles away. The shooting of most of them was an indictable offence, but I never heard that he was harshly criticised on that account. The keeper has added some very rare specimens to his collection in the past season.

I think the cases referred to, and the countless others that have not come under my own notice, could be readily met by the societies that exist to protect wild birds, if they would ask their most influential supporters and subscribers to circularise landowners all through the country. On nearly every barn and sign-post in the countryside one finds notices to-day setting



TO LECTURE BEFORE THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY TO-DAY: COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY, DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH POLE, EXPLAINING TO A FRIEND THE DIFFICULTIES OF STEERING A SLEDGE OVER THE ICE.

Commander Peary is to be received by the Royal Geographical Society at the Royal Albert Hall to-day (the 4th), and will lecture on his expedition to the North Pole. On the following day he will give his first public lecture in the United Kingdom at the Queen's Hall. This will take the form of a popular and graphic narrative of his eighth and successful attempt to reach the northern extremity of the globe. It will be illustrated with lantern-slides, from photographs taken by the explorer himself and by members of his expedition. Captain Scott will be in the chair. It was announced the other day that, as it was found impossible to collect the necessary funds, the American Antarctic Expedition, which was to have raced Captain Scott's British Expedition to the South Pole, has been abandoned.

out the penalties for taking pheasants' or partridges' eggs, but the far greater offence to British avifauna is passed over in silence. There are landowners and game-preservers in plenty who are keen naturalists and would be pleased to know that their coverts harbour rare birds. If the societies referred to would issue schedules of the wild birds it is highly desirable to preserve, and

there are few who would not hand them over to their keeper, or head-keeper, with definite instructions that none of the birds on the schedule are to be touched. It may be objected that the average under-keeper is a zealous duffer, who really knows very little about birds; but it should not be very difficult to instruct him. Most people will agree that, if owls and hawks were not persecuted as they are, the plague of rats and field-voles from which the country suffers would be checked in no small degree.

# ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

## The Ladies' Week.

The ladies are having the biggest time of their golfing year this week, for their championship meeting is taking place at Westward Ho, where it was last carried through ten years ago, when that possibly most famous of all lady players, Miss Rhona Adair, who is now Mrs. Cuthell, achieved her first success. Many golfers believe that the men hold their championships rather earlier in the season than they should do, but the ladies are generally a month or so in front of them. They seem always to be so keen about their golf that they cannot wait, and they fill up the remainder of the season with many other events of a very special nature. And, whatever anybody may say about ladies' golf, there cannot be any doubt that they manage their championships and other events in the most thorough and perfect manner, and in many ways set an example

which the male golfers would like to see followed in their own department. The Ladies' Golf Union, with Miss Issette Pearson in chief command of it as secretary, accomplishes a triumph of organisation every year. The whole thing goes through without a hitch from start to finish—except for a little trouble which individual ladies sometimes make for themselves, and for which they are rigorously punished.

Thus, last year, when the championship was held at Birkdale, one of the ladies, who had quite a good chance of success, was shopping at Southport when she should have been on the first tee, ready to begin one of her matches. She made a mistake of four hours in the time, and was disqualified in consequence. The famous lady player Miss Dorothy Campbell, who won the championship on this occasion, had a narrow squeak on the same day, for she failed to hand in the particulars of one of her victories to the official at the close of the round, as was the rule; and when it was found

that she had left the course, a motor-car was sent after her in hot haste and brought her back. Luckily for her, the explanation she had to offer was accepted.

## Famous Players.

Miss Campbell, who is perhaps the steadiest of the lady golfers of the present time, will not be a competitor at Westward Ho this year, for after winning the championship last year she went off to America and created a record there by winning the American Ladies' Championship within a few weeks of achieving the highest honour in Britain, and she has not yet come back, having settled for the time being in Canada. Several others of the most famous lady players of past years are also missing from the lists. Mrs. Cuthell is again an absentee, and seems to have done with first-class ladies' golf, and there is a fear that Mrs. Ross, still better known in the golfing world as Miss May Hezlet, the most brilliant of that wonderful Portrush family of lady golfers, is following in

her footsteps, for she also is a non-competitor. There has been some talk in recent years of Lady Margaret Hamilton-Russell, who won the championship during the first three years of its existence, entering the lists again, but she does not do so, though recently she was playing splendid golf at Cannes. But for all that, the entry is a very strong one, and it includes the young girl player, Miss Cecilia Leitch, of the Carlisle and Silloth Club, whose performances in recent times, and notably her breaking of the men's record on her home course, have attracted so much attention. Miss Leitch has a splendid style, and is expected to do great things in the immediate future. Another most accomplished young lady player of whom much is expected is Miss E. Grant Suttie, who has again entered from the Sunningdale Club; while Miss Florence Hezlet, last year's defeated finalist, is once more in the lists, along with other members of her family.

## The Married.

Another specially interesting competitor is Mrs. Kennion, of the Brighton and Hove Club, who won the championship in 1906, when it was played at Burnham, and had to leave England immediately afterwards to join her husband, Major Kennion, of the Indian Political Department, and a Consul-General in Persia. The very particular interest attaching to Mrs. Kennion, who in her time has won about a hundred prizes in golf competitions, is that she is the only married lady who has ever won the championship. More than that, no other married lady has ever got so far as the final; and it is not because many of them do not try. Thus it happens that this year, out of a hundred and twenty entrants for the event, no fewer than thirty-five, or nearly a third, are married. A kind of semi-official explanation is that the married ladies do not have so much time to practise their driving, pitching, and putting as the girls do; and they are able to retort that, whatever be the cause, it is the fact that the married men who win the men's championship are in a very considerable minority. Golfers are often superstitious. They believe in omens, in mascots, and all kinds of things. So, like many of the males, there are ladies who wear special charms when they go out to play in championships. They sometimes affect to believe, also, that a competitor must be in the bottom half of the draw to win the chief honour, and the winner was in that half last year. It is also said that golfers to be really great must have blue or grey eyes; but Miss Dorothy Campbell's eyes in that case must be the exception that proves the rule.



MISS BERTHA THOMPSON  
(BEVERLEY).



THE MOST BRILLIANT GIRL PLAYER  
OF THE TIME: MISS CECILIA LEITCH  
(CARLISLE AND SILLOTH).

FAMOUS WOMEN GOLFERS  
WHO ARE PLAYING IN  
THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP AT WESTWARD HO.  
*Photographs by Sport and General.*



MISS D. EVANS  
(BARNEHURST).



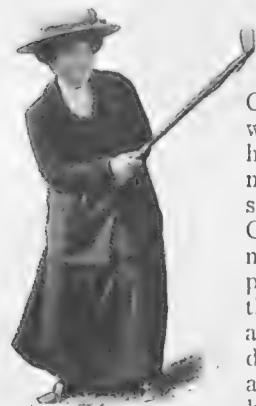
THE ONLY MARRIED WOMAN WHO  
HAS EVER WON THE LADIES'  
CHAMPIONSHIP: MRS. KENNION  
(BRIGHTON AND HOVE).



MISS VIOLET HEZLET  
(ROYAL PORTRUSH).



MISS D. E. CHAMBERS  
(WIRRAL).



MISS FLORENCE HEZLET  
(ROYAL PORTRUSH).



MISS MAUD TITTERTON  
(MUSSELBURGH).

# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## Skilled Drivers Obtainable.

The Automobile Association has always enjoyed a reputation for originality—that is to say, it has wrought out its own programme, and has never poached upon the preserves of kindred bodies. Although looked at askance by the "Praise God Barebones" type of automobilist, the work it has done in affording its large body of members some sense of security when driving on the road cannot be overvalued. The Association now promises particulars of a scheme which is to embrace thousands of men now employed by its members, and which is to be carried out in conjunction with the Society of Automobile Mechanic Drivers. This Society has for its scope and object the registration and provision of good, reliable, skilled drivers for those who require them; but hitherto its operations have been somewhat circumscribed for various reasons altogether out of the control of the present executive. Now that the work is to be taken up by the A.A., and handled by the staff of that energetic body, car-owners requiring paid drivers will be able to obtain really suitable men.

## The R.A.C. Year-Book.

The Year-Book of the Royal Automobile Club has just been issued, and others than its members may glean from an inspection of its pages some notion of the vast amount of work performed and carried out year by year by the Club on behalf of automobilism as a whole. One of the interesting new features of the volume for 1910 is a record of the members of the R.A.C. and its Associated Clubs who have been elected to the present House of Commons; while another list gives the names of members who have seats in the House of Lords. By these lists it will be seen that the Club, and consequently automobilism, is represented by no fewer than 108 members in the Commons, and 90 in the Lords. These totals should form an excellent nucleus for the consolidation of a Petrol Party who would charge themselves with the safeguarding of the rights of automobilism in both Houses; while their concrete influence might be brought into effect in curbing the persistent persecution of motorists in certain notorious districts. It is only by such means as these that the rabid injustices under which motorists suffer can be mitigated.

The £10,000 Aerial Race withhold sympathy from Mr. Claude Grahame-White in the ill-luck which befell him during his first attempt on the London to Manchester flight. Could he have continued straight on without descending at Rugby, he might have made that £10,000 and its attached fame his own at the first shot. Now the honour and glory of being the first to do it have been wrested from him by the ever-lucky Frenchman, Paulhan. Plucky and persistent as is the Englishman, he was seriously

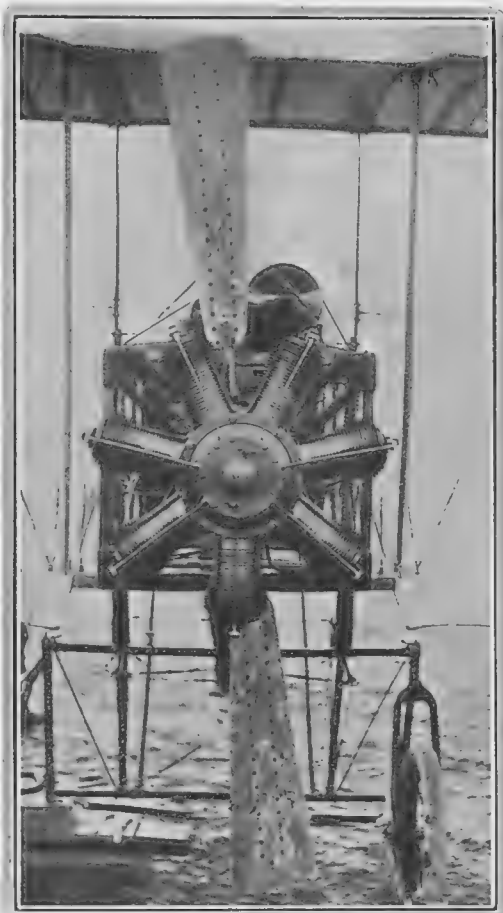
handicapped by the greater experience of M. Paulhan, who, it is admitted, has no equal in the world as a wind-fighter. Nevertheless, M. Paulhan's reception on his success has been every bit as enthusiastic as that which would have been accorded Grahame-White had he prevailed. The Englishman recognises no nationality in matters of courage and endurance.

## England's Flying-Men.

The Little Englanders who, without exact knowledge, cry day in and day out that, as a nation, we are being left far behind in the science and practice of aviation, should waste their substance from time to time on the purchase of a copy of the *Aero*, or other flying journal, wherein the doings of British aviators are duly chronicled week by week. I note with pleasure that quite a dozen men are in active practice from day to day. Mr. Cecil Grace has made some excellent flights on his Short-Wright machine at Eastchurch; while at Brooklands the Hon. Alan Boyle has been able to make flights at an elevation of from 30 feet to 40 feet on his Avis monoplane, built by Howard Wright. The brother of the last-named, Mr. Warwick Wright, who is well known in motoring circles from his connection with Métallurgique cars, has also flown his Howard-Wright at the first attempt. Mr. James Radley, who owns a Blériot, has flown three times at Huntingdon distances of two and a half to three miles. Mr. Launcelot Gibbs and Captain Dickson have also put in some good work in strong winds.

## Durability Keeping Pace with Cost.

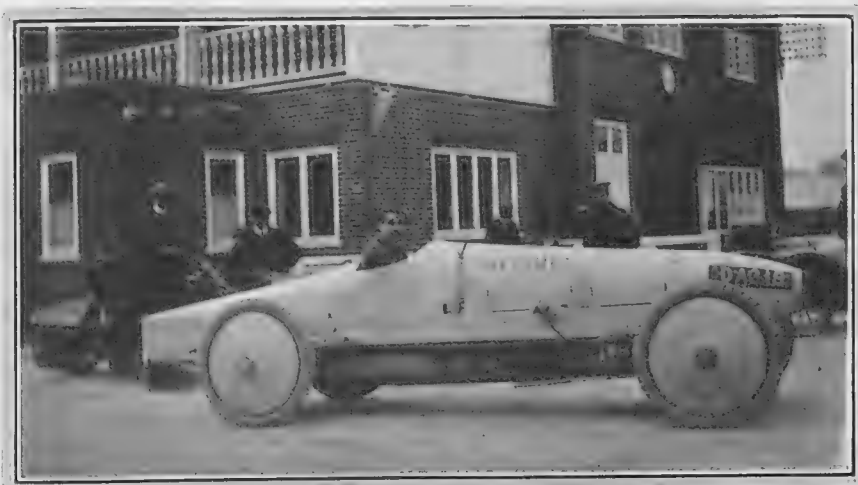
In view of the continual rise in the price of rubber, the motorist can take some comfort from the reflection that the great tyre-manufacturers are unsleeping in their efforts to improve the articles they produce, and so increase their wearing qualities. It is admitted on all hands that pneumatic tyres of the best brands to-day are half as durable again as those put upon the market two or three years ago. This is evident from the fact that though the numbers of cars running to-day are largely in excess of those a year or so back, one sees fewer stoppages on the road to-day for tyre-repairs than ever. To no tyre have more thought and consideration been given than to the Continental, as will be seen from a study of the sections of the 1910 patterns put out by the great Hanover house. In the three-ribbed model, for instance, the tread is no longer vulcanised on to the cover, but is now moulded as an integral part of the whole tyre. The steel-armoured non-skid, too, is now made in such wise that it can be re-treaded; while it is an impossibility for the studs to tear out. In a catalogue just to hand, comprehensively drawn and tinted sections of the leather-tread non-skid, the red-black non-skid, and the three-ribbed tyre are given, by which the special construction of each can be easily grasped.



POWER-PROVIDER EXTRAORDINARY TO FAMOUS FLIERS: THE 7-CYLINDER 50-H.P. GNOME MOTOR, WHICH SPINS ROUND AT A SPEED OF 1000 REVOLUTIONS A MINUTE.

The engine—that all-important part of the flying-machine—chosen both by Mr. Grahame-White and by M. Paulhan for their biplanes is the Gnome, which Mr. Henry Farman has described in the "Mail" as follows: "Instead of being stationary, as is the case with other aviation engines, the seven-cylinders of the Gnome are made to revolve—in fact, the whole motor spins round at a speed of 1000 revolutions a minute. One of the chief advantages of this system is that the cooling difficulty, so insistent in the case of flying-machine engines, is almost entirely overcome. The cylinders as they fly round cool themselves. This method of construction also permits the engine to be built most lightly, and at the same time very strongly. The power it gives for its weight is remarkable."

Photograph by the Topical Agency.



A MOTOR-CAR WITH DISCED WHEELS, DESIGNED TO OFFER TO THE AIR A SMOOTHER SURFACE THAN SPOKED WHEELS: THE "COMET" AT BROOKLANDS.

This 15 h.p. car, with its curious inverted-canoe-shaped body and its disced wheels, can attain a speed of about 80 miles an hour. Save for the body-work, it is in practically all respects similar to the standard 15-h.p. "Star" sold to the public.—[Photograph by Lafore.]

[Continued on a later page.]

# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

## The Derby.

As their Majesties the King and Queen will be present to witness the race for the Derby, there is certain to be a big crowd at the Epsom Summer Meeting. It is a pity that the King has nothing good enough to start for this year's Blue Ribbon of the Turf. Indeed, the majority of the horses in Marsh's stable this year are moderate, and it is now said that even the two-year-olds are below the average. However, the big classic will this year be full of excitement, and it is to be hoped that we shall not get a repetition of the accident that befell Sir Martin last year. Indeed, I think the Stewards ought to tell the jockeys before the start to keep, as far as possible, to the positions they are drawn in at the post. Epsom is a splendid place to see the racing, though I know of many old stagers who to this day leave the stands and go on to the course just to get a view of the start, and then run across and watch the finish. The best place to view the race for the Derby is on the top of the grand stand, close to the flagstaff. If you get up there with a fairly good pair of glasses you will not miss a single item of the tussle. The same remark will apply, of course, to the boxes, but I do think it is a shame that ladies are not allowed in the members' enclosure. True, the space is limited, but the ladies would put up with the discomfort if they were allowed to work their own commissions. But to the race. It should be a grand contest this year, and the wagering between Neil Gow and Lemberg will be very close. I still think Neil Gow will win, as he looks like a stayer and he runs like one.

## Whit Week.

The Whit Week fixtures are not so numerous as usual. On the Monday and Tuesday flat-racing will be held at Hurst Park, Redcar, and Dunstall Park. Flat-racing will also take place at Ayr on Wednesday and Thursday; at Manchester on Wednesday and three following days; and at Brighton on the Friday and Saturday. There will be eight meetings held under National Hunt rules on Whit Monday; quite enough, seeing that the ground may be as hard as a turn-pike road. The best sport during Whit Week will be seen at Hurst Park and Manchester. At Cottonopolis the various church children walk through the streets in procession, and these are kindly watched by racegoers, who, by-the-bye, always visit the cathedrals at York and Lincoln on the mornings of the race-meetings held at those places. The

Whit Week meeting at Manchester is a tremendous gathering, and in the cheap rings are to be seen thousands of the weaker sex, who plank down their silver on the good things. But the ladies at Manchester are like the ladies everywhere else; they

expect to win every time, and if by any chance they happen to lose, they do not forget to talk about it. The consequence is that after nearly every race the babel of tongues is very apparent, and it is easy work for the initiated in these matters to guess when the ladies have dropped their money. One thing: they go very cautiously to work; they always back a horse for a place as well as a win, and as often as not they get their stakes back. But a lady will never back a horse on her own initiative. She must first get a tip for the animal from a mere man!

## Jubilee Stakes.

According to present appearances, we shall see a great race for the Jubilee Stakes on Saturday. It must always be borne in mind when dealing with this contest that weight does not tell much, and a good horse will win under a welter burden, provided he gets away all right. Unfortunately, there is a nasty bend in the course, and horses pocketed at the corner are seldom successful. I have always argued that those riders who keep away from the rails at the awkward corner have the best chance. Indeed, history proves that in

five Jubilees out of six the race is won by a horse that is nowhere near the rails at the bend. If Llangwm is started he should go very close, and 9 st. to a horse of his class is not a prohibitive weight. Sir Martin will be able to tell us whether he should have won last year's Derby or not. My opinion, formed on the Epsom course at the time, was that if Sir Martin had not fallen and interfered with Bayardo, the latter would have won last year's Blue Ribbon in a trot, and later form proved what sort of an animal Bayardo was. All the same, Sir Martin has a great chance at Kempton—at least, on paper. Morton may supply a dangerous candidate, and it must be borne in mind that Submit and The Story are both winners over the course. The Story was highly tried against Your Majesty last year. Unfortunately, however, the latter was dead out of

form, and was no good as a tell-tale. I am of the opinion that The Story will, when fit and well, win a big handicap. My final choice for the Jubilee Stakes will be found in another column.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



A TRIO OF FALLS AND A GOOD JUMP: SNAPSHOTS  
AT THE PAU HORSE SHOW.

The Concours Hippique at Pau was most successful. A number of curious falls took place, and three of these we illustrate. The chief race, for the Prix de la Coupe of 2000 francs, was won by Sans Souci, M. Larregain up. Sans Souci is the horse shown taking the wall in the second of our photographs.

Photographs by E. Jacques.

# WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## The Prudent Millionaire.

Millionaires are becoming so plentiful nowadays that it is already possible to study their psychology. The chief traits of the immoderately wealthy men and women of our modern civilisation would seem to be a nice prudence in outlay, a singular absence of ostentation in their private life. The millionaire loves to make money, but he has no wild raptures in the spending of it. As a matter of fact, he has usually neither the leisure nor the health necessary for an exuberant enjoyment of the good things of this world. His idea of happiness is to found a college, to produce an eruption of public libraries, sometimes—this is essentially American—to teach, or cause his sons to teach, assiduously in Sunday schools. Moreover, he is beginning to exhibit a wise prudence over the disposal of his property when he fares forth, alone, on the Great Journey. Thus, a recent citizen of Chicago has left a trifle of eleven millions to two grandsons, who will receive their bewildering fortune in instalments—that is to say, they will get a *douceur* on their twenty-fifth, thirtieth, thirty-fifth, and fortieth birthdays, but will have to wait till the more reasonable age of fifty before they step into the bulk of their money. Such precautions are not taken with English eldest sons; but they are reasonable enough in the United States, where boys are precocious, and are staid persons when they achieve middle age.

## The Weariness of Weddings.

Kindly disposed persons are always pleased to see their friends settling themselves suitably for life, yet there are few people who do not utter a cry of anguish when they are invited, in silver print on creamy note-paper, to be present at a wedding. For though the chief protagonists are different each time, there is such sameness about the entertainment, the ritual is so stereotyped, that we are apt to mix up all the brides and grooms of our acquaintance in a cloud of tulle and a vista of silver marmalade-pots, engravings, and classics in half-morocco. Anyone who will invent a new kind of wedding-party will deserve the thanks of their generation. It must not be eccentric, for eccentricity on such an occasion is vulgar. To be married in an aeroplane in mid-air, or in the Twopenny Tube, or in a lions' den would be inappropriate to so solemn an occasion. But changes might be introduced without lessening the sense of responsibility which the young couple embarking on the adventure of matrimony should feel. Why, for instance, should the bride be obliged to wear so silly and unbecoming a dress in broad daylight? Why should the presents be exhibited like objects at a bazaar, and ticketed for all to appraise? Why should reasonable people be expected to eat rich cake and consume sweet champagne at three o'clock in the afternoon? No one knows, and yet these things are daily practised, and no man may take unto himself a helpmate without

these tedious rites and these extraordinary clothes. Already, however, there are signs of revolt in higher circles. Quite a number of people have married themselves of late in an unostentatious manner, slipping into church with a pair of relatives, after inviting their friends to a cup of tea the day before. The innovation is eminently practical, for the vast sum which is often spent on a big wedding would be better employed in endowing the young married pair.



AN AFTERNOON FROCK OF SPOTTED NET, WITH PANELS OF IRISH CROCHET LACE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman About-Town" page.)

## "Always Young and Cheerful."

"I can read the hieroglyphs, and I am always young and cheerful," says Ibrahim, the beautiful young dragoman of Mr. Hichens' "Bella Donna," introducing himself to Mrs. Armine and the reader. It is these two attributes that he always insists on when speaking of himself—the qualities of youth and good-humour. He is, according to his own account, "always young and cheerful." Now youth and gaiety are both desirable things, but they do not invariably go together in Western countries. As a matter of fact, some of the most darkly pessimistic persons I know are not yet out of their twenties, while some are still in their teens. That they will throw off their cares as they grow older one may reasonably hope, and that the majority will become gay optimists at fifty is a foregone conclusion. Needless to say that most of our youthful and pessimistic friends are persons of wealth and leisure, who have not a material care in the world, and thus have the time to investigate its injustices and inequalities. Very young persons who have—like Mr. Hichens' dragoman—to earn their living know well enough that a gay good-humour is a priceless gift, to be cultivated at all costs; that it is worth a considerable price in the social market, and may lead a beginner on to fame and fortune. For in a complex and sophisticated world we willingly pay others to laugh in our stead, to hearten us by the spectacle of their youth and gaiety. This is the secret of the amazing Smile on the face of the picture-postcard Beauty. Do we not often disburse ten-and-sixpence for a stall at a theatre merely to feel, vicariously, "always young and cheerful"?

## A Preposterous Survival.

The breach-of-promise case has long been condemned as a peculiarly distasteful anachronism by what are called "advanced" women. That young persons should be willing to pocket cheques in compensation for their broken hearts is lamentable, and that marriages should take place because the man lives in terror of such an action at law is still more deplorable. When a man brings the case, its ridiculous, humiliating aspect is patent to the most sleepy jurymen. Only in the case of real injury to the girl should she bring such a case, and even then it ought to assume some other character. The very wording nowadays is misleading. After all, it is the woman who "promises" to marry the man, and not the man from whom a blushing consent to participate in the adventure of matrimony is obtained.

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### Head-Trimmings.

The remark of an American woman on the Opera House, which she saw for the first time on a Tetrizzini night, was, "My! what head-trimmings!" It sounded odd, much as if she had alluded to the garnishings round a calf's head. Applied to the coiffures on all sides, it was a perfectly comprehensible observation. The head is the principal feature in the Opera House, therefore it is always turned out according to the dictates of its owner's best taste. This results in a curious medley. One lady had a sweeping paradise-plume curling like a festive whisker beside her left ear. Another had a high white osprey set in a sapphire-and-diamond ornament, suggesting, as someone irreverently remarked, brains gone to seed; another head had the hair flatly coiled round a bun, and round the hair a fold of gold tissue, so flat and tight as to suggest a glorified bandage; yet another head in our vicinity was arranged turban-fashion, the folds of dark hair alternately with gleaming folds of silver tissue—rather smart that, especially as a crescent and star of beautiful diamonds caught it at one side. On an aristocratic head rested a high tiara of diamond fleurs-de-lis. My American friend breathlessly admired it, sighing, "My! but that is real fine." Near by sat a girl with a statuesque head, the luxuriant fair hair drawn straight back and arranged in a classical knob over a beautiful nape of a snowy neck. The ornament was a triple fillet of pearls. That appealed to the American as "just elegant." On all sides were the most distinct differences in coiffure, yet all seemed to be good.

### Eat and Enjoy.

A delightful mandate this, if in these days everything that we enjoy were not distinctly bad for us. One enjoyable thing that is not followed by any but pleasant consequences is Allenbury's Diet. You can get it ready in a minute, and it is a splendid light meal, and a tempting one when one is not feeling up to a square repast. It is composed of pure, rich, full cream-milk and pure wheat, and is so treated that it is largely digested in the process of manufacture. I believe that if every now and then people would take a day or two on food like this they would keep wonderfully well and fit. Messrs. Allen and Hanbury's firm has been established since 1715, and their fine preparations are keenly appreciated.

### The Pearls of the Premises.

There are no pearls so much appreciated or so altogether valuable as those we grow ourselves, pearly rows of white teeth. The way to keep them in proper order, if you have them, and to improve them immensely if the poor things have been neglected, is to use Odol, and use it always, travelling especially, because of its valuable antiseptic properties. A case to take the well-known flask of this fine dentifrice is made in silver, silver-plate, and nickel-silver, which protects the Odol flask from all possible damage, and makes it quite easy and convenient to carry. If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining it, a postcard to the Odol Chemical Works, 59-63, Park Street, E.C., will elicit full particulars.

### A Friendly Clock.

One feels friendly to all clocks when one gets to know them. The wonderful firm of Mappin and Webb have a collection of real old clocks, some with new movement, others with the original, and several exact reproductions of the old that will please connoisseurs. One grandfather is precisely like his ancestor of three hundred years ago. Another is a genuine Charles II. in ebony and ormolu. For the modern busy person there is one that can be set for any hour at which an appointment has to be kept, and at that hour it rings you up to keep it, so that it is a real friend of a clock. The new dressing-bags of this firm are joys. The fresh silks are in. I saw one of dark crushed morocco lined with French-grey fancy silk, and fitted with dead gold, all in a lovely Louis XVI. design. Very smart is a new little dainty wrist-watch on a thin leather strap, jointed with gold and

having a little gold buckle and strap-end with little gold-protected holes for making it the right size. Something quite new is a thin, gold, engine-turned watch for a man; and I saw some lovely new mountings of Oriental sapphires and diamonds as rings. A delightful novelty is a self-opening surprise-table. It looks like a very handsome occasional-table. Touch a spring and it opens, and up comes every necessity for the toilet and manicure; all the fittings silver-gilt, and manicure fittings too. At the back rises a mirror, showing the full face and both profiles; while at either side leaves fall down, giving plenty of table-space. What a nice present for a woman!

### Useful Merry-Thoughts.

Quite new is a set of serviette-rings in the shape of merry-thoughts, on each of which is a model in silver-gilt of some sporting suggestion—a fox's mask, a partridge chick, a pointer, etc. The set is very handsome. A set of bowls for the table, in solid silver, are very fine. They are two-handled, and have pierced borders and fluted panels. They serve for either fruit or flowers. A very neat thing in Prince's Plate—one of the many things for which this firm is celebrated—is a model of a watering-can, with which to fill up flower-vases. It is quite plain and very handsome, and most convenient for the purpose. Mappin and Webb have just produced a beautiful little catalogue, called the Wedding List. It can be had by application to any of their establishments—either 158, Oxford Street; 2, Queen Victoria Street; or 220, Regent Street, and will be found most useful.



AN ELECTORAL CONSOLATION PRIZE: PRESENTATION PLATE GIVEN TO SIR GEORGE ELLIOTT ARMSTRONG BY THE CONSERVATIVES OF PEMBROKE AND HAVERFORDWEST. At the last General Election Sir George Armstrong, formerly editor of the "Globe," was a good second to Sir Owen Philipps in the Pembroke and Haverfordwest Division, polling 2877 votes against 3582. His supporters have now presented him, in recognition of his services to the Conservative cause, with the handsome silver Chippendale tray, bowl, and candlesticks shown in our photograph. These were made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., 112, Regent Street, W.

Our Japanese visitors will find many of their Western sisters pulled in below the knees as to skirts quite as much as they are. What they have heard about the fine free stride of the Englishwoman will be discounted by quite our latest fashion, of very short and very tight skirts. As we have no hereditary tradition for moving in swaddled draperies, I fear our Japanese sisters will not admire our gait. The style is now being adopted by the young person for her afternoons out, so perhaps it will be a dead fashion among our smart young women ere long. I fancy few will regret it, as it spoils the grace of outline, more even than the straight up-and-down Noah's Ark fashion!

When the season is in full swing frocks for the afternoons form an important part of

a smart lady's outfit. On "Woman's Ways" page a dress of spotted net is illustrated, which has panels of Irish crochet lace. It will always look nice and modish, and yet is not at all conspicuous.

Mlle. Lydia Kyasht, the brilliant and beautiful Russian dancer who, following in the steps of Mlle. Adeline Genée, became within a few days of her London début one of the most popular premières danseuses ever seen in London, is to have a further opportunity for the expression of her artistic genius, as the directors of the Empire Theatre have arranged for this most charming dancer to appear very shortly in a "Series of Dance Ideals." In these beautiful and difficult classical movements, Mlle. Lydia Kyasht is to have the co-operation of M. Bolm, the principal dancer of the Imperial Opera House, St. Petersburg, who has already been sharing her success in the delightful "Danse des Papillons," which is proving so great an attraction in the ballet "East and West. The introduction of this method for providing the "prima ballerina assoluta" of the Empire Theatre with some further chance of displaying her great skill will in no way affect the policy of this theatre with regard to ballets, which, executed on the lines that have made the Empire Theatre so world-famous, have proved the main feature of programmes among the finest of any house of entertainment in Europe.

Cav. B. Baglioni, proprietor of the Hotel d'Italie, of 26, Old Compton Street, W., and formerly Mayor of Montrigiasco, has just received the First-class Foreign Diploma for his very fine Chianti and Barolo, which was placed *hors de concours* at the French International Food Exhibition held in Paris. This is the second occasion on which Cav. Baglioni has received honours. The Italian Exhibition of 1904, held at Earl's Court, bestowed upon him the Diploma d'Onore for Barolo.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on May 10.*

WAIT AND SEE.

THERE is likely to be a sort of hiatus in Stock Exchange circles for a couple of weeks, or perhaps for the greater part of May. The Rubber Special Settlements are bound to discover a number of weak spots, which will exert a depressing effect upon other markets and leave that unpleasant flavour of indecision which, above all else, makes for sagging prices and dullness generally. Let us get the present brief account, and the next, with its Whitsun holidays, out of the way, and then we shall be better able to judge whether the public are inclined for another flutter in rubber or some new market. What a rush there will be for pitches in a fresh field if there's any hope of the public taking up the shares as they have done in the now deflated Rubber Market!

## KENT COAL?

We have no tips for broadcast dissemination, no dead snips for publication at the moment. But we can let you into a little secret, which perhaps you know as well as other people like ourselves. The secret is that it will pay you to watch Kent Coal. Now, don't go and buy shares straight away, on the idea that to-morrow morning you will wake up to find them pounds higher. All we tell you to do is to watch the market, and if you do get a straight and an honest tip from somebody, don't be afraid to put a little, only a very little, gambling money into it. Because there is more going on in Kent Coal circles, or shafts, than meets the eye. There is big money going down those shafts: there are big people—scientific, financial, and otherwise metallurgical—watching, and making very expensive experiments. They don't do this kind of thing for fun, you know. So watch.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"All over," said The Broker.

"Who is?" inquired The Jobber.

"Rubber," replied The Merchant, divining the obvious.

"Do you really think so?" And The Banker bent forward to hear an answer in which he evidently took keen interest.

The Jobber slowly spoke—

"The tumult and the shouting dies,  
The jobbers and their clerks depart—"

"Look here, old man," interrupted The Broker, "a joke's a joke, but I really don't think we need drag the Psalms into our—"

—And it took the others full five minutes to restore the weeping Jobber from his hysteria of mirth.

"But will Rubber rebound?" persisted The Banker.

"My dear Sir," said The Merchant, "I think it is safe to say that the craze, the madness, the ginger-and-cayenne-pepper stage are over. A good many people have made money, and a lot of folks have lost it."

"Neither party being particularly eager to take up the game again for a bit."

"I agree completely. The gamble at its height was largely due to the Special Settlement business. With the Specials being rapidly appointed, dealings will be for the ordinary account, and you won't find people so eager to buy when it means having to find the ready lug-out."

The Broker and The Jobber nodded assent.

"But the Penny Bazaar Market?"

"Will quiet down into something like sanity, while the big shares move quietly, and perhaps sag a bit."

The Engineer asked what all this fuss was in the papers about the Stock Exchange not delivering shares to clients, and all kinds of things.

Neither of the House men had seen it. "What's the trouble?" asked The Jobber.

"Usual thing," replied The City Editor; "you won't deliver people their transfers when they've paid for them."

The Broker laughed. "My dear old chap, that's one of the oldest newspaper figments going. Why, we are only too thankful to get the transfers delivered and paid for—what do *you* think!—directly we can send them out."

"But there are delays, and the newspapers—"

"The newspapers write for effects, rather than facts; don't forget that. There are delays, of course—"

"A client of mine," said The Banker, "bought five hundred Linggis last time, and sold them for this. There was some hitch about delivery, and I looked into the matter myself."

"What did you find?"

"The Company had declared a dividend, and closed its books for a week, hanging up my man's matter very effectively. But, of course, it looked at first sight as though the delay were the broker's fault."

"Then they talk of congestion at Somerset House, where Stock Exchange clerks have to wait hours to get documents stamped."

"Have to *what*?" exclaimed The Broker.

The City Editor repeated.

The two House men looked at one another speechlessly.

"I never heard myself of Stock Exchange clerks going to Somerset House to get transfers stamped," said The City Editor, "but, of course, it must be done."

"Done? So are the people who believe things like that," cried The Jobber. Then a horrible suspicion seemed to strike him—

"I say, young fellow," he addressed The City Editor, "what paper—?"

The latter told him.

"You time-wasting blitherer!" he said wrathfully. "Why didn't you tell us that before, and save all our breath? You quill-driving son of a prospectus and a mining report!"

"Steady, I say, steady!" The Merchant enjoined him. "Been swallowing oil with your rubber and found the mixture disagree?"

"Gentlemen," said The Broker, "we apologise for having taken up so much of your time over a matter which every client can settle with his broker, to his complete satisfaction, in the space of thirty seconds."

"The next business on the Agenda," said The Engineer, "is of somewhat similar import to the last."

"Haw—haw!"

"John, carrots for this visitor, please! Our question relates to the Rubber boom. Is it over?"

"You'll soon be," laughed The Jobber, "if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head."

"But to our business, gentlemen!"

"After Whitsun, and when the worst of the Special Settlements are out of the way, we shall see a moderate recovery."

"Write that down," said The Broker, like the King in "Alice."

"I think your Rubber boom has played the dickens with other markets," opined The Solicitor, who, having made money, had not aired his views on the subject.

"People at first sold good stock to buy Rubber with, and sold more to pay losses with later on," and The Banker sighed.

"Never mind, Sir. All's fair, yet, in love and war and—"

It was a very faint whisper at the end, but the sound was like that of the word "Malaccas."

## SOME RECENT ANNUAL MEETINGS.

Mr. Gorett's speech at the meeting of the *Ivanhoe Gold Corporation* is always looked forward to by the shareholders, but was more than usually interesting this week because of his recent visit to the mine. Mr. Gorett's caution, not to say pessimism, is so well known that shareholders have learnt to rely implicitly on what he has to tell them. When, therefore, he remarks, "The mine is a great mine yet; she is going to last for years, and we are going to pay a mass of money in dividends in the years which are yet to come, even though it may be less per annum as the years pass by"—shareholders may rest assured that a possible small falling-off in the dividend in future years—not, it should be noticed, *this year*—is the worst that can happen to them. At their present price the shares return about 14½ per cent., and even if the annual dividend were to drop to 20s. per share the return would still be over 12 per cent., so that they do not seem overvalued. It is worth remembering that the developments since the date of the report have been very favourable, and also that from the way in which the Company's investments, representing now over £200,000, are being managed, it seems probable that the *Ivanhoe Corporation* may continue to exist as a Financial Trust Company when its days as a mine are ended.

At the meeting of the *Eastern Produce and Estates Company*, the proposal to divide the £5 shares into shares of the nominal value of £1 each, which was advocated in this column some months ago, was unanimously agreed to. The prospects of the Company are excellent, and a considerable increase in the rate of dividend is a practical certainty. The rubber crop estimates for 1910, 1911, and 1912 are—for 1910, 102,000 lb.; for 1911, 139,000 lb.; and for 1912, 215,000 lb. The estimates are always conservative, but assuming them to be not exceeded, and allowing for a profit per pound in these years of 10s., 8s., and 6s. respectively—which again is probably an underestimate—the profits from this source alone will be £51,000, £55,600, and £64,500. If the profits from tea and other products are added to this, it is clear that dividends of over 20 per cent. may be expected. After 1912 the crops will be much larger, and this should counteract any possible fall in the price of rubber, while it is satisfactory to notice that the area under tea is being steadily added to.

The shareholders of the *Ceylon Tea Plantations Company* were naturally in a happy frame of mind at last Thursday's meeting. Not only were last year's profits easily a "record," but the prospects are for an almost inevitable further expansion. The Company is now paying 30 per cent. per annum in dividend, with a rubber crop last year of 54,000 lb. sold at 7s. 7½d. per lb. The estimate for this year is 100,000 lb., and, at a profit of 10s. per lb., this would produce an additional £35,000, equal to a further 20 per cent. dividend. The Company has over 2000 acres of cocoanuts, and there should be a large increase in the profit from this source during the current year owing to the great rise in the price of copra. The rubber acreage is over 4500 acres. As regards the future prospects, I cannot do better than quote from the Chairman's speech. Mr. Rutherford remarked: "I am not going at this early stage in our rubber career to hazard an estimate of the ultimate yield of rubber, but should not be surprised if the crop of last year be found to represent a *twentieth part* of our output when the trees have all reached the bearing stage . . . taking an extreme, and maybe pessimistic, view of the future market for rubber, and that, instead of the price averaging 7s. 7½d., it eventually receded to 2s. 6d. per pound, when our trees were all in bearing, the profit from this product alone would be 35 per cent. on the Ordinary share capital, and behind this you would have all the profits from your tea and your other investments. You may remain quite easy in your minds as regards your interest in this Company should you see the price of rubber falling. For good, steady dividends we are dependent on tea; for magnificent profits we should be beholden to rubber."

## CURIOSITIES OF THE RUBBER BOOM.

In these days of tired Rubber markets it is amusing to recall the funny things which happened but a few days ago, when no one asked any questions about what they bought, so sure were

they that they would find some fool bigger than themselves to repurchase at a higher price.

In the case of one Company of which we have heard, the issue was not fully subscribed, and the underwriters got about 20 per cent.; but all the time there were active dealings in the shares at 9d. to 1s. 3d. premium.

When the same Company was being advertised some of the people connected with the promotion formed a little syndicate to support the market, and instructed a broker to bid for the shares; the broker in his turn sent a jobber in to deal, telling him he could buy five thousand shares at not over a shilling premium. The jobber rushed into the market, shouting "Rubber Rotters, sixpence to a shilling, I'll deal." "What price?" asked another dealer. The jobber, thinking he was going to be landed with the shares, replied, "I'll make you threepence to ninepence premium in five thousand shares" "I'll buy five thousand at ninepence premium," was the reply. The bargain was closed, and the promoters informed. Needless to say, they promptly put in an application for five thousand, and were allotted that number. Their efforts to "support" the market had not only cost nothing, but resulted in a net profit of £125. Supporting the market is not so cheaply done in normal times.

Saturday, April 30, 1910.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

E. M. T.—Your letter was answered on the 28th instant. We are very doubtful of the course of the American Market during the next few months.

R. D.—We are not going to recommend anything with the idea that you will double your money in three months.

X. Y. Z.—(1) Rio Negro, Port Madryn, or British North Borneo might do. (2) The Nitrate Company has a long life. The deposit lies on or just under the surface, and is dug out and refined. (3) Doubtful.

J. C. W.—You must ask the broker who sold the shares for you. It all depends on the bargain.

D. B. T.—Your letter has been answered.

SHOT.—As a speculation, not a bad one; but the Company has been very disappointing up to now.

REX.—(1) The shares may go to your price some day, but we doubt it. Better hold on. (2) The first Rubber Company is a good one, but it is doubtful if Rubber shares have not seen their best. (3) As to the Java and Sumatra Companies you mention, we would rather not give an opinion. Neither would suit us.

Negotiations are said to be in a forward state with a view to taking over some of the properties (other than the Colliery) of the African Freehold Coal Lands at a price approaching the total capital.

## THE VINE AND GENERAL RUBBER TRUST, LTD.

IT is increasingly evident that the great dealings in rubber shares that have characterised the stock markets for weeks past represent much more than a mere boom of temporary and questionable value—that they are, indeed, outward and visible signs that the public have been brought to realise that rubber is a commodity that is in extraordinary and legitimate demand, and that the call for it seems certain to grow louder and more insistent, not only week by week, but day by day and sale by sale, as its almost innumerable commercial uses multiply and gain in strength. Witness the Vine and General Rubber Trust, Ltd., the prospectus of which is issued to-day (Wednesday) by the Hirsch Syndicate, of Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C. The Company will have a capital of one million and a quarter pounds, divided into three-quarters of a million 10 per Cent. Participating Preference shares of one pound each, and half a million Ordinary shares of one pound each. At the moment, half a million of the 10 per Cent. Participating Preference shares are being issued at par. The remaining quarter of a million Preferences are being held in reserve. In addition to being preferred as to capital, these shares are entitled to a fixed Preferential dividend at the rate of ten per cent. per annum on the capital for the time being paid up thereon. The surplus profits of the Company to be distributed in any year, after providing for the payment to the holders of the Ordinary shares of a dividend of ten per cent., are to be divided, as to one half, amongst the holders of the Preference shares in proportion to the Preference shares held by them; and, as to the other half, amongst the holders of the Ordinary shares.

The Company has been formed to undertake the business of a Rubber and Industrial Trust, particularly with regard to forest areas in which wild rubber vines are found in their natural state; further, to finance and otherwise assist, as occasion offers, in the organisation and promotion of Rubber Industrial and other Companies or enterprises; and to entertain any other financial business that promises to produce profit for it. It will acquire the benefit of negotiations which have been conducted by the Hirsch Syndicate, Ltd., and others in connection with large tracts of land, in Tropical Africa and elsewhere, on which rubber vines and trees are found in abundance.

An outstanding feature in the Trust's affairs is the option it holds over the patent rights for the whole of the world, with certain

The completion of this project should cause a substantial rise in the shares.

The Vaalbank Colliery, belonging to the African Freehold Coal Lands, is said to be worth more than the present market value of the shares, leaving out the other portions of the Estate.

UNIQUE COMBINATION OF RUBBER INTERESTS.—The Dunlop Rubber Company, which recently paid an interim dividend of 100 per cent., recognises the advantage of owning its own rubber estate in order to ensure adequate and regular supplies of rubber to its stable companion, the Dunlop Tyre Company. One of the most vigorous of the younger Tyre Companies—namely, the Rom Tyre and Rubber Company—has commenced to work on somewhat similar lines, and acquired on exceptional terms a virgin rubber estate of 12,800 acres in West Africa. With the rise that has taken place in the price of rubber, this West African concession is likely to be a valuable asset to the Rom Company. Already there are trees ready for tapping, and on other portions of the estate it is intended to proceed with the cultivation of Para rubber-trees, the climate, soil, and rainfall being suitable. The Company's profits should accrue from three distinct sources—namely, the sale of Rom Tyres, the Company's extensive rubber areas, and the purchase of wild rubber from the native chiefs. The Dunlop Rubber Company has a capital of £220,000, and the shares stand at about £9 each. The Rom Company has a capital of £50,000, and the fully paid £1 shares have been dealt in on the Stock Exchange at about 30s.

We are asked to state that the Russian Oil Lands, Ltd., was four times over-subscribed, that allotments have been made to 1800 applicants, and that negotiations are now in active progress for the formation of the first subsidiary Company.

#### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The last two of the big spring handicaps will be decided this week—namely, the Chester Cup and the Jubilee Stakes. The former race may be won by Stormfinch, who was very unlucky in the Great Metropolitan, and Mustapha may win the big race at Kempton. A few selections for minor races are: Chester, Wednesday: Prince of Wales's Welter, Ben a Bahn; Thursday, Great Cheshire Handicap, Duddun; Earl of Chester's Welter, Macoomer. Kempton, Friday: Manor Handicap, Toyshop; Stewards' Handicap, Glenesky. Saturday: River Handicap, Beau Idea; Sunningdale Plate, Apache.

exceptions, of the Guiguet machinery for extracting rubber direct from the vines and purifying dirty rubber produced by native methods. This option will be exercised by the Directors only after the consent of the shareholders in general meeting; but it would appear evident that the consent might almost be taken for granted, judging by several quoted opinions as to the invention. "Hitherto," it is pointed out, "owing to the primitive methods of extraction employed by the natives, vine rubber has not been a serious competitor with tree rubber owing to the small amount recovered from the natural flow of the latex by tapping." M. Guiguet's endeavour has been to change this state of affairs. An inspection of his extracting and washing plant at Lyons in March of this year led Messrs. Baillie and Dobree to report: "The use of the Guiguet machine will enable about ten times the value of rubber to be obtained from 100 kilos of bark as now obtained by native treatment." Mr. William Chaplin, a pioneer of this particular industry in Madagascar, has estimated that, on a conservative basis, an average of one kilo (2½ lb.) of dry rubber can be extracted by the machine from the bark of each ten-year-old vine. The extracting machine is so easily transported that, when it has been dismantled, a couple of natives can carry it from place to place. The rubber-washing and cleansing machine is heavier, and is designed for the treatment at ports of dirty, crude rubber extracted by native methods.

The adoption of the plant will, it is claimed, inaugurate a distinctive departure from the conditions which have hitherto prevailed, in wild-rubber districts, and establish a practically new industry, free from disadvantages now existing owing to difficulties of concentration and collection. Emphasis is laid, too, on the fact that, as the vines grow naturally, without cultivation and unaided by labour, the expense and delays attendant on rubber-plantations will be avoided. The wild-rubber vine of the Landolphia species flourishes in many tropical forests, and, without attention, attains a length of over a hundred and fifty feet, with a thickness of up to six inches. Estimates by experts employed in the forests of Madagascar and Nyassa have placed the average number of matured rubber-producing vines at about eighty to the acre; but even two hundred or more vines to the acre occur.

The directors of the Trust are Messrs. F. W. Baker, managing director of the Hirsch Syndicate, chairman; Alexander Bethune, J.P.; E. L. Ireland Blyth; L. T. Boustead, R. P. Hornby, De Lagotellerie, and Louis G. Schlesinger. The offices are at Salisbury House, E.C. It is expected that the issue of the prospectus will mean keen competition for the shares; indeed, it has been reported that unofficial dealings have already taken place at twenty shillings premium.

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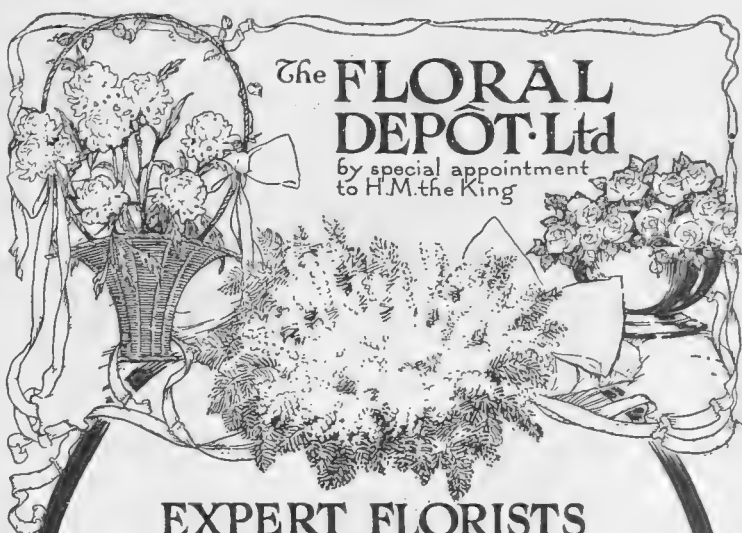
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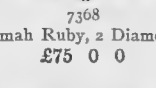
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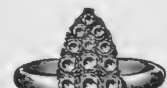
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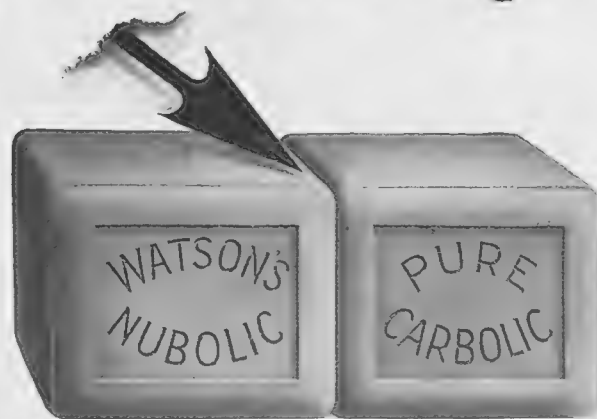
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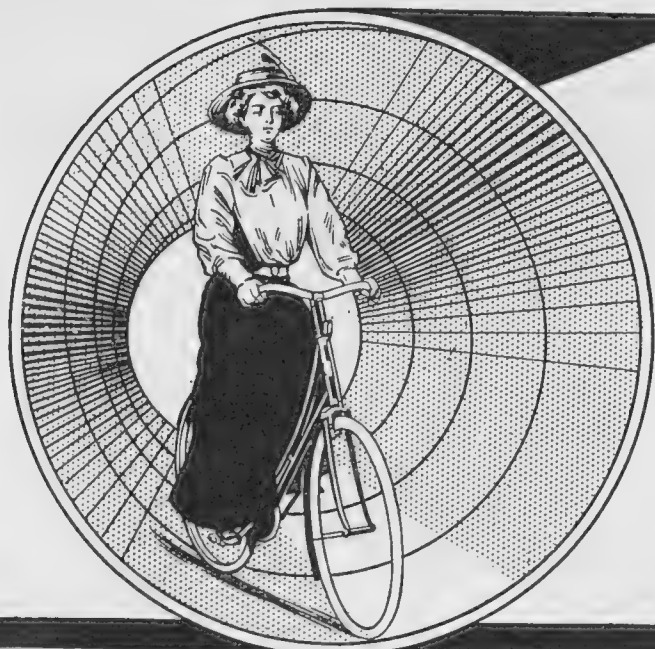
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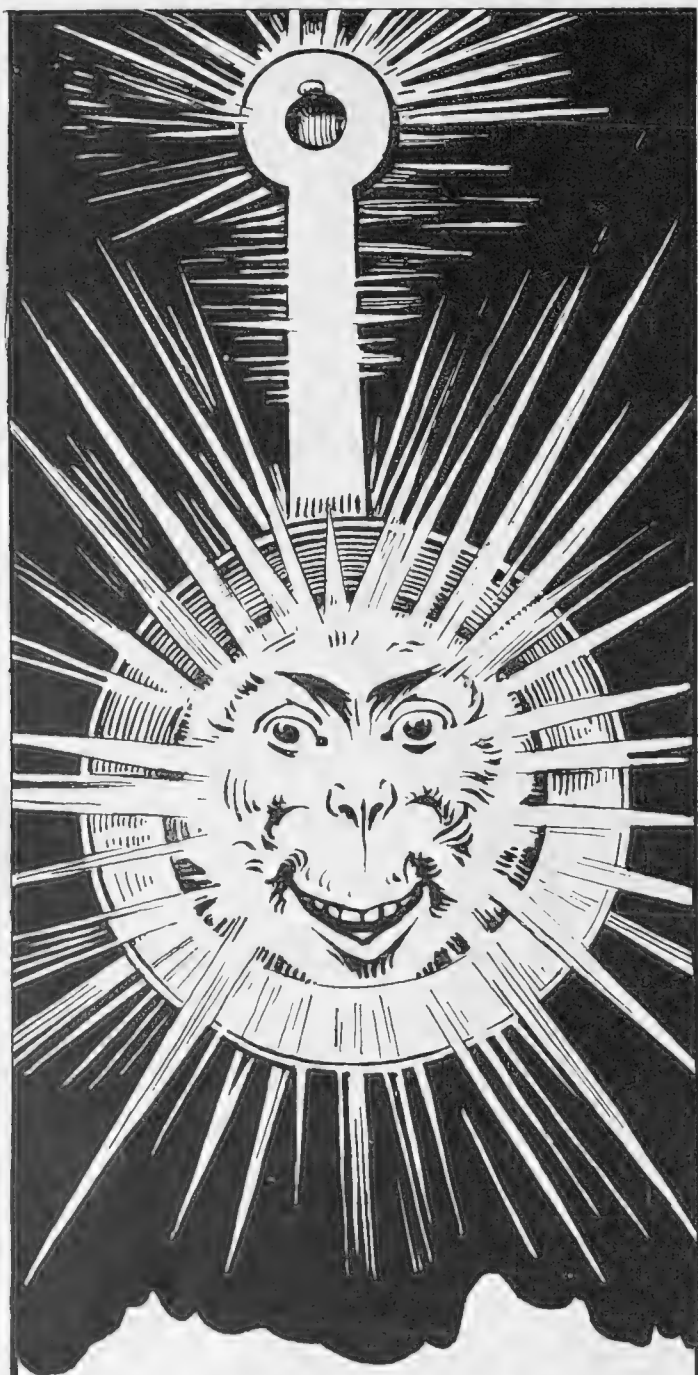
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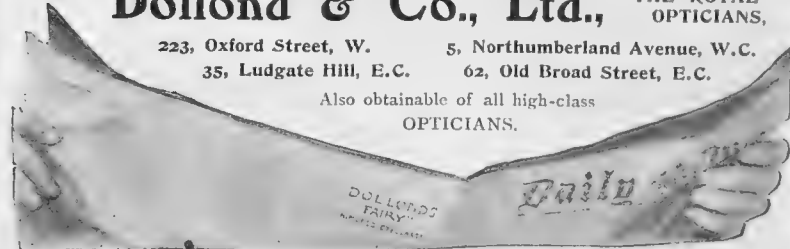
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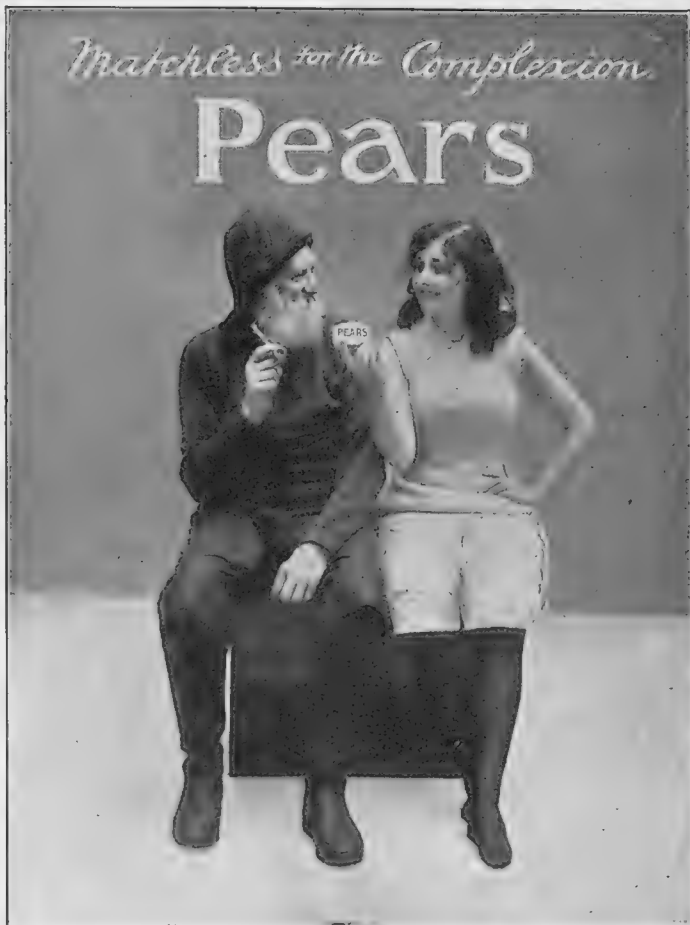
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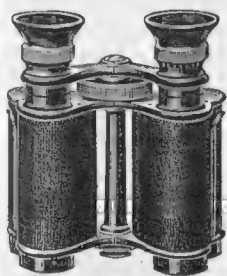
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(Continued.)

## The International Number-Plate.

It is good news for automobilists who contemplate motor-touring abroad in the near future that a decree has been signed by the French President regulating international motor-car traffic in conformity with the convention signed in Paris on Oct. 11 last by the representatives of France, Germany, Great Britain, Austria, Italy, Spain, Belgium, Switzerland, Russia, Bulgaria, Greece, Roumania, Servia, Holland, Portugal, Montenegro, and Monaco. The decree provides for the free transit over the frontiers of cars belonging to motorists of the above countries who have obtained the right to exhibit the international plate of identity. In order that a car may cross a frontier, it must bear a plate with a particular number and letters of nationality. The plate must be oblong in form, twelve inches high, the letters four inches high and a quarter of an inch thick, black on a white background. The conditions of the examination and method of obtaining the certificate will be drawn up shortly by the Minister of Public Works.

Ten Years Ago. The tenth anniversary of the original Thousand Miles Tour, promoted for the popularisation of automobilism by the then Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland—now the Royal Automobile Club—was celebrated by a number of those who took part in that great drive at Northampton on April 22. The company mustered at Queen Eleanor's Cross, outside the town of boots, and driving thence, lunched together at

the George Hotel, under the presidency of Sir John Macdonald, K.C.B., the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, who also enjoys the legal title of Lord Kingsburgh. It was hoped that certain of the brave old cars which were driven in the actual event would have assisted, but, so far as I can ascertain, only one, and that an Aerial Quad, was brought to the trysting-place. A facsimile of the 7-h.p. Panhard, driven by Mr. Frank Butler in the original tour, put in an appearance at the meet, and served to give the spectators some idea of the outward semblance of the crack automobiles of ten years ago.



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## Wind-Screen Trial.

In view of the fact that a member of the Herts A.C. has offered a Cup to be competed for in a Wind-Screen Trial, I am moved to the reflection that unless obliged by the insistence of their customer, who has made a study of the subject, motor-body makers erect and fit screens without the slightest reference to the most important part of the duty which these fittings should perform. Any sort of vertical screen at the distance of the dashboard or a little nearer will preserve the passengers from front draught more or less, but only with the objectionable result of creating an appalling back draught, to which the natural current caused by the forward movement of the car is a hundred times preferable. As a matter of fact, the only wind-screen which, when properly placed and proportioned, will really do what is required is the "Protector" screen, made by Messrs. Morgan and Co., 10, Old Bond Street and 127, Long Acre, W., the agents for the celebrated Adler cars.

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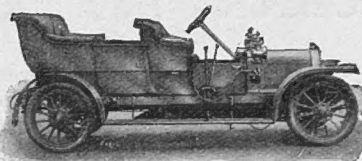
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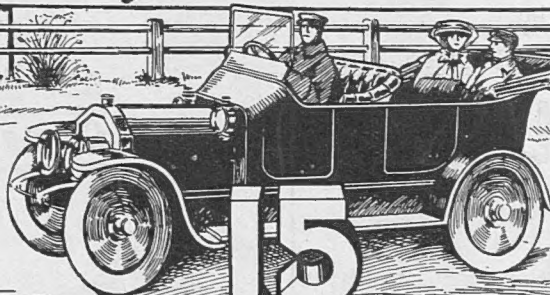
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**"The Drums of War."**

By HENRY DE VIRE  
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This is a book full of weather and beautiful French landscape, with a constant thrill of the supernatural underlying its most natural aspects like the heart that beats within a fair body. An ancestral tragedy of love and death has to be revived in the last two representatives of a great family, and Fate rings up the curtain in an old castle where they meet as children, he, Patrick Mahon, the grandson of one of Napoleon's Irish soldiers, and she, Margaret Lechlenberg, a timid girl dressed in boy's clothes, which are intended to avert destiny. Attempted murder and a fatal duel are the beginnings of the storm about to break. Patrick, "a soldier to the last button of his gaiters" falls on lameness as the result of a ghostly forest vision, and though his philosophy wrests great things from life, even to happiness, the elusive de Maupin-like Margaret plays out the drama to its last bitterness. Great names shine like stars across the pages. Bismarck and Louis Napoleon (for the period of the story is that of the Second Empire) and the Duc de Morny are there in person. And the lame Patrick who had been the boy-soldier stood to hear the drums beating as the 91st Regiment of the Line were marching down the Rue St. Honoré, Paris, marching with them to the cry uttered from a thousand throats, "À Berlin! À Berlin!" In an impressive chapter of three pages he tells how he saw that other army from his château-steps on the Paris road. First, a bright flutter as of a flock of birds, the shining pennants of the Uhlands breaking into view, and the bayonet-crested head of the army eight deep, "the great, dark army of invasion; the great, steel-crested snake, passing the gates, yet visible miles away through the trees, as though it were advancing from the country of Legion—the land of an armed and infinite people." Thanks to his lameness, perhaps, and all the artistic impulse of thought which it gave, he was enabled, after the long winter, to hang below that terrible picture such a study as this: "I found spring hiding in the Forest of Sénart. . . . Communards might fight in Paris, kings and captains assemble at Versailles—what was all that toy and trumpety business to the great business of life, to the preparation of the blossom, the building of the butterflies in the aerial shipyards, the letting slip of the dragon-fly on his dazzling voyage?" When it is added that the general writing is sustained on these levels, the reader will look for and get a delightful hour over "The Drums of War."

**"The Wife of Nicholas Fleming."**

By PAUL WAINEMANN.  
(Methuen.)

"The Wives of Nicholas Fleming" would have been a more accurate title, since he had two, though he did not know it. Two lovely twins come to live with their widowed mother in a little villa opposite Count Fleming's castle. They are so equally attractive and so absolutely similar in every detail that they really ought to have retained the infant distinction of blue and pink ribbons; for Nicholas Fleming, who would woo one, woos both inadvertently, and, winning the wrong one and establishing her as his wife in his home, he subsequently accepts the right one in that capacity without a ghost of suspicion. The situation is truly dramatic, but all the possibilities are stretched to attain it, and a faint foreign flavour lent by the Finnish names is insufficient to cover its unlikelihood. Full justice is done to the complications, however, and they are set in a very pretty corner of Finland.

**"The Exiles of Faloo."**

By HARRY PAIN.  
(Methuen.)

The mere fact that it comes naturally to drop the "Mr." in speaking of Barry Pain is a proof of familiarity and friendship, and "The Exiles of Faloo" will leave him in greater request than ever. The exiles, for each of whom "circumstances have made it advisable that they should leave England," find refuge in a little island in the South Seas, where extradition treaties are unknown. For those who could afford it—and no others were permitted—there was always Faloo. And soon there arises in the best situation on the island, with charming views, a club house built on models of the West-End and a lawn of English turf. "There was but one man in the club who was not wanted by the police," yet at their tables, adorned by giant asparagus and other luxuries, rebellion never showed its head. But the native King, by whose help they reared this orderly refuge, is a patriot who dreams dreams. Faloo is deteriorating: it had been found in cold history that the island races could not accept civilisation. "Tinned meat and multiplication-tables, gin and geography, feather-beds and tight boots, worry and hypocrisy—everything worked together for bad for the islander." So when Fate sends a British manufacturer—half religious fanatic, half man of business, exceeding rich, and a dreamer of dreams—the King and he plan a clearance of the white man and the exile of the Exiles. Other events, however, and infinitely more dramatic, are on the march, and each page, bright with concise humour and racy observation, will be turned in absorbing interest to the end.

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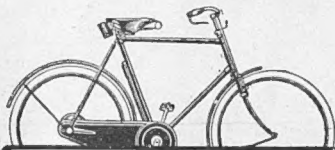
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